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THE
RASH RESOLVE:

OR, THE
Untimely Discovery.

A
NOVEL.

IN TWO PARTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.

*Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart :
Man has a Breast robust, and more secure ;
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.*

Congreve.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. BROWNE jun^r. at the *Black-Swan*,
without *Temple-Bar* ; and S. CHAPMAN, at the
Angel in *Pall-Mall*. 1724.

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TO
The Right Honourable
THE
Lady RUMNEY.

May it please your LADYSHIP,

THOSE who are acquainted but with part of those shining Qualities which make up the Character of your Ladyship, and consider you only as a Woman of Rank, admirable fine Sense, and the most discerning Judgment in the World;

vi DEDICATION.

World ; will, perhaps, be astonish'd at my Presumption in throwing at your Feet a Trifle so little capable of meriting your Regard : But those who are happily admitted to a nearer View, and have shar'd the Effects of your condescending Sweetness of Disposition, will easily forgive me when they remember, that the less worthy is the Offering, the greater Goodness is requisite for the Acceptation.

BUT this Reason (tho' certainly a very material one) is not the only one which induc'd me to intreat your Ladyship's Protection. — Flattery is a Vice so much in Fashion, and, I am sorry to say, so much encouraged, that there is nothing more difficult than to find a Patron who not expects, nor would be pleased with it : Where then should

DEDICATION. vii

should a Person, by Nature averse, and by Precept taught to shun it, make an Address of this Nature, but to a Lady whose Perfections strike all Encomiums dumb, because they cannot reach her Worth? — a Lady, whose Character is so justly establish'd for all those Graces both of Mind and Body, which can be an Ornament to our Sex, that it would be as needless as vain to attempt a Repetition of them! — You, Madam! are possess'd of Charms which the Soul only can describe! — 'tis not in Words to speak them. — We all admire the Diamond's sparkling Lustre; but tho' we gaze never so long on the thousand differing colour'd Rays it casts, no Artist yet had ever skill to paint the Brightness of it.

TO

viii *DEDICATION.*

TO the Motives already mentioned, I cannot forbear adding the Confession of another, that of indulging my Pride in testifying to the World the Honour I receive in your vouchsafing to read the Products of a Genius, which, wanting the Improvements of a learned Education, pretends no farther Merit, than an Aim to please. My Ambition is in this, by your Ladyship's excelling Goodness, sufficiently gratified, and it is this which charms me into a grateful Acknowledgment.

ALL that I have to offer in Defence of the following little History, is, That there is something so very particular and uncommon in the Misfortunes of her who is the Subject of it, that I think cannot fail of exciting Compassion in a generous Mind : and
how

DEDICATION. ix

how blameable soever her Conduct may appear, in one Affair, the Train of Woes it drew on her, prevail to soften the Severity of Censure.—But I will not attempt any thing in her Vindication, let her own unequall'd Sufferings plead for her: I am confident, were the *Fair Unfortunate* still living, She would as readily submit her Fate to the Determination of so *sweet a Judge*, as I do my weak Endeavours to represent it. I am,

M A D A M,

With the most profound Respect,

Your Ladyship's

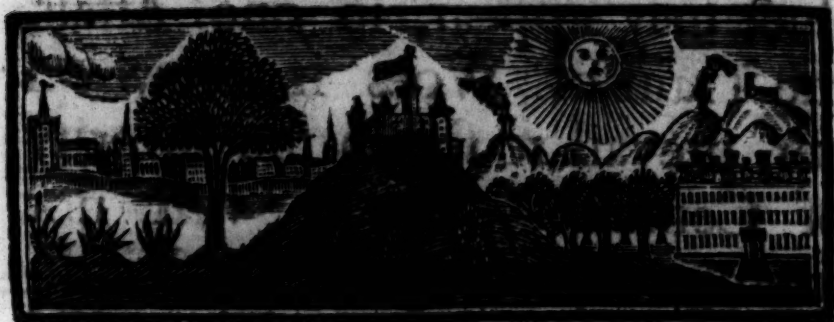
Entirely Devoted

most Faithful and

most Obedient Servant,

ELIZA HAYWOOD.

(x)



TO
Mrs. *ELIZA HAYWOOD*,
ON HER
NOVEL
CALL'D
The RASH RESOLVE.



DOM'D to a Fate, which damps the
Poet's Flame,
A Muse, unfriended, greets thy rising
Name!

Unvers'd in Envy's, or in Flattery's Phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet Merit claims her Praise;
Nor will she, at her with'ring Wreath, repine,
But smile, if Fame, and Fortune cherish thine.

THE

THE Sister Sciences thy Genius warm,
 And, with their Strength, thy Sex's Softness arm.
 In thy full Figures, Painting's Force we find,
 As Music charms, thy Language lifts the Mind.
 Thy Pow'r gives Form, and touches into Life
 The Passions imag'd in their bleeding Strife:
 Contrasted Strokes, true Art, and Fancy, show,
 And Lights, and Shades, in lively mixture flow.
 Thus Fear flies Hope, large Reason Love's Controul,
 Jealousy wounds and Friendship heals the Soul.
 Black Falshood wears bright Gallantry's Disguise,
 And the gilt Cloud enchants the Fair One's Eyes.
 Thy Dames, in Grief, and Frailties, lovely shine,
 And when most mortal, half appear divine.
 If, when some Godlike, fav'rite Passion sways,
 The willing Heart too fatally obeys,
 Great Minds lament, what cruel Censure blames,
 And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous Pity claims.

ELIZA, still impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
 Let Love, soft Love! adorn each swelling Scene.
 Arm'd with keen Wit, in Fame's wide Lists ad-
 vance!

Spain yields in Fiction, in Politeness, France.
 Such Orient Light, as the first Poets knew,
 Flames from thy Thought, and brightens ev'ry
 View!

A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant Fire,
 Which warms cold Wisdom into wild Desire!
 Thy Fable glows so rich thro' ev'ry Page,
 What Moral's Force can the fierce Heat assuage?

AND yet, ——— but say, if ever doom'd to
 prove
 The sad, the dear Perplexities of Love!

Where

Where seeming Transport softens ev'ry Pain,
 Where fancy'd Freedom waits the winning Chain!
 Vary'ng from Pangs to visionary Joys,
 Sweet is the Fate, and charms, as it destroys!
 Say then, — if Love to sudden Rage, gives way,
 Will the soft Passion not resume its Sway?
 Charming, and charm'd, can Love from Love
 retire?
 Can a cold Convent quench th' unwilling Fire?
 Precept, if human, may our Thoughts refine,
 More, we admire! but cannot prove divine.

RICHARD SAVAGE.



(I)



THE
RASH RESOLVE:
OR,
The Untimely Discovery.

PART I.

THO' nothing is more laudable than a Firmness of Resolution, yet there is no one thing more apt to bring us into Misfortunes, than too inconsiderately to form them : Whoever fixes a Determination to do, or leave undone any Action of Importance, ought to advise with Time, and deliberately weigh not only all apparent Obstacles, but also all that may possibly arise either to thwart the present Intention, or oblige Repentance if compleated. If the most lively and penetrating Wit that ever was known,

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2 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

a Wisdom wonderful in Youth, a Depth of Learning which scarce any of the Fair Sex could boast, an elevated Genius, and Sublimity of Thought, a Soul compos'd of Honour, Courage, Gratitude, Generosity, Fortitude, and all those Virtues which wear the Name of *Manly*, joined with Tenderness, Sweetness of Disposition, and every Grace with which the *softer* Specie attracts, and charms, could render the Person possess'd of them happy, the lovely Subject of the following Sheets had been as remarkable for her good Fortune, as the ill Influence of her Stars have made her for the contrary.

EMANUELLA, so she was call'd, was born in *Porto-Rico*, one of those Islands belonging to the *Spanish West-Indies*, the Government of which had been given to her Father, *Don Alvarez*, by his most Catholick Majesty. She had the misfortune to lose her Mother very young, but notwithstanding that, and the Disadvantage of being educated in a Place which could boast of but little Politeness, the Care and Tenderness of *Alvarez*, whose only Child she was, sufficiently compensated for all other Wants: Perceiving her of an uncommon *Aptitude* for Learning, he sent for the best Masters to instruct her in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian* Tongues, in which she became so perfect in a little time, as also in Musick, Dancing, Singing and Painting, that it was hard to say in which she most excell'd. All the *Muses*! all the *Virtues*! all the *Graces*! seem'd assembled in her Soul, and inspir'd her Conversation with such different ways of charming, that what kind soever the Heart was most affected with, one might be sure to find

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find it there : As to the Beauties of her Person, tho' few of the most celebrated ones could boast of more, yet they were so far exceeded by those of the interior Part, that I shall only say the Brightness of her *Mind* shone in her *Eyes*, enliven'd all her Air, and whether she spoke, or look'd, or mov'd, an awe-mix'd Sweetness spread it self around her, at once surprizing, pleasing and commanding.

A DORN'D with all these shining Qualifications, 'tis easy to believe how dear she was to her Father ; but alas ! it was not many years after she was capable of knowing how happy she was, before she lost it ; the good *Alvarez* died when she was about Fifteen, and it was from that fatal Moment she might date the beginning of that Series of continued Woe, which to the end of her Life attended her. Not but she was left in a Circumstance, which, if Wealth could bribe ill Fate, was sufficient to shield her from all the Vexations of Life ; but where a Person is destin'd to Misfortunes, that which to *others* would prove a *Blessing*, is to them a *Curse* ; the Riches she was possess'd of, serv'd but to attract a Number of *pretended* Friends, but in reality only so to *themselves*, and the open, noble Frankness of her Disposition to lay her liable to their Insinuations. She was so entirely free from all Deceit, and Artifice herself, that till a too dear Experience convinced her, it was very difficult for her to entertain a Belief there was such Baseness in the World.

BUT to go on gradually with the little History I am about to make, the time of Mourning for *Alvarez* was no sooner expired, than she began to have a passionate Desire to leave the

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Place she was in ; the Delicacy of her Taste, joined to the Improvements of her Education, made her uneasy to continue where she could find nothing like herself to converse with. Besides, she had many Relations at *Madrid*, and did not doubt but in so populous a City, she should meet with Entertainments suitable to her Genius. But how great was her Vexation, when having prepared every thing for her Departure, she met with an Obstacle entirely unforeseen ? Don *Pedro*, who by her Father's Will, and her own Consent was made her Guardian, having the vast Fortune left her in his Possession, could not think of parting with it so easily ; he had a Son, whom ever since the Death of *Alvarez*, he had been casting about how to ingratiate to the Affections of this young Heiress : He had indeed never hinted any such matter to her as yet ; nor had the intended Lover made the least Declaration of a Passion, but it was only because the one thought it early enough, and that there being none of a superior Fortune in the Place, there was little danger of the Offer being refused whenever it should be made ; and the Silence of the other proceeded from a just Sensibility of his own Demerits, and a true Respect for the engaging *Emanuella* : for he had so little to recommend him in his Person, that had his Soul been possess'd of no greater Beauties, he would have been but little regarded by all that knew him. His Stature was very diminutive, his Limbs unhappily fram'd, his Face cast in a Mould so rough, whoever look'd on it, would have believed that Nature was absent at his Formation, and left the work to Chance ; his very Voice was disagreeable, and his hesitating Ac-

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cents disgrac'd the Meaning he endeavour'd to express. But in this unlovely Out-side, there was a Jewel lock'd, whose Worth made full amends for all his other Wants: He had excellent Sense, Honour, Good-Nature, Generosity, and a thousand other Virtues better described by his own Actions, than by the Pen of any Writer; but had he been possess'd of more good Qualities than ever Man pretended to, it could not be expected that with these interior Charms alone, a Lady so young and beautiful, as *Emanuella*, could be influenced. She was indeed too good a Judge of Wit herself, not to admire it in another; she acknowledged *Don Marco's*, (for that was his Name) and would often, notwithstanding the Misfortune of his ill manner of Delivery, take Pleasure in hearing his Notions of things. She approv'd of his Conversation, and had a very great Friendship for him, till the Knowledge of his, or rather his Father's Designs, reversed those favourable Thoughts, and turn'd her all into Disdain.

BEING resolv'd to leave the Island with the first Ship, she sent for *Don Pedro*, to advise with him on the ordering her Affairs; she could not think it safe or practicable to take her whole Effects with her, and therefore thought it proper to settle a Correspondence how they might be sent after her, and in what hands trusted. *Don Pedro*, who before had heard of her Design, thought it now high time to discover the Secret he so long had kept; and making her a low Bow, It is easy, Madam, *said he*, for us to contrive means to send your Fortune either to *Madrid*, or any other Place you shall command, but it will not be so easy to bring us to consent

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sent to the parting with your self. — You here receiv'd your Being ; — here your Education ; are a Native — a Property of this Place ; and when you attempt to deprive us of that Right we claim of your Presence, the whole Island would rise in Arms ; nor ought you to wonder if in so just a Cause I should appear their Head, and force your Stay, if soft Persuasion fails. The old Gentleman was so little accustomed to Gallantry, that *Emanuella* could not help laughing at these Words, which she had not the least Thought were spoke with any other Design ; and perceiving he had done, Well well, *Don Pedro ! return'd she*, I do not doubt but in such a Cause as this I should be able to make my party good against the Islanders, even tho' you should appear their Head, as you threaten ; but to shew you that I am not for War, if Peace may be maintain'd on honourable Terms, pray what have you to offer me here in lieu of those Advantages I may expect elsewhere ? *That (reply'd the other hastily)* which if duly weigh'd, is of more Estimation than the whole World beside ; a Love accompanied by Sincerity, Constancy, and Truth, — a Passion pure as the Zeal which warms the Martyr's Breast, and everlasting as his Reward. All this was so far from giving her any Notion of his Intention, that she had no other Surprize than to find him in a Disposition so different from his former Gravity ; and believing he assum'd this Air of Raillery only to divert her, would not baulk his Good-Humour, but return'd an Answer such as she thought suitable to the Occasion : If you were in a Condition (*said she merrily*) I should be half in hope it was of your
Heart

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Heart I had made so great a Conquest ; but as you are not yet, nor like to be a Widower, I must entreat you to inform me who it is has felt the Effects of a Power I never had any Reason to have an Opinion of till now. Alas, Madam ! (*resumed the Don*) it would ill become the Autumn of my Age to attempt to please the delightful Bloom of yours. — No, no, I would not thus affront your Beauty. — But I have a Son whose Years will not disgrace the Passion he professes. — Nor will his Suit, I hope, be unworthy your Regard. These Words were like a Clap of Thunder to *Emanuella's* Ears : the manner in which they were spoke joined to a thousand little Passages, which when they happened, were unheeded, but now all at once occur'd to her Remembrance, made her indeed believe he meant what he said : But not yet fully assured, And are you in earnest ? *cry'd she*, (with a Voice which testified both her Amazement and Indignation.) But he, whose Pride would not permit him to be easily quell'd, was so far from excusing the Presumption of his Application, that he rather resented the little Deference she paid him. I know not, *resumed he*, for what Reason you should make a doubt of it ; there is not so great a Disparity either in Birth or Fortune, to oblige you to think it strange I should offer at an Alliance. — You will leave me to be Judge of that (*answer'd she, growing still more disturb'd*) but I desire not a Repetition of Genealogies, or a Calculation how many Thousands either of us are possess'd of ; 'tis sufficient I am not ignorant what is in your hands of mine, which I shall call for in, as soon as I have consider'd of a Person proper to be intrusted

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intrusted in such an Affair. She spoke no more at that time, but continued walking up and down the Room, by her outward Disorders making visible the inward Agitations of her Soul: Don *Pedro*, who had as much Cunning as Pride, observ'd every Motion, and believing he had gone too far, endeavour'd to mitigate the Boldness of his first Expressions, by pleading his Concern for the Welfare of an only Son, who could not live without her. But all he could say to this purpose, was ineffectual to abate the Indignation she had conceiv'd at so disproportionate a Proposal, and the more he endeavour'd at it, the more she grew incens'd; till at last weary of his Importunities, she desir'd him to leave her House, and to prepare to make up his Accompts with her by the next day; still assuring him she was determin'd to take shipping by the first Opportunity. The Chagreen this Accident gave her, was very great; she was disappointed in the Hope of maintaining a friendly Correspondence with a Man who had the Power of being very serviceable to her in those Affairs which she was inexperienced in, and which her Soul, delighting in sublimer Contemplations, was unwilling to be amus'd in. Young as she was, she had a very good guess at the Language of the Eyes, and easily found by his, that she must expect no Obligations from him, unless she could consent to come into his Measures, than which nothing could be more averse to her *Inclinations*, and consequently to her *Designs*; for she was not of a Disposition to resolve on the one, without having first consulted the other: But tho' she foresaw many little Vexations would attend this Quarrel with her *Guardian*, yet

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yet she was far from having any Suspicion, he had Baseness enough in his Nature to act in the manner he was already forming, and she soon after experienc'd.

THIS sordid-temper'd Wretch always look'd on every thing as his own that once he had the Possession of; and to think of parting with so much Money as the mistaken good Opinion of *Alvarez* had entrusted him with, was such a Dagger to his Heart, that he had resolv'd rather to have Recourse to any Measures, than to endure it: He therefore contrived a Scheme, which by the Vileness, as well as Cunning of it, one would think could only be suggested by the Devil himself; he pretended that the late Governor, to maintain himself in a Grandeur far beyond what either his Post or Paternal Estate would allow, had at several times borrowed vast Sums of Money of him, some of which had been repaid, and for the Security of the remaining Part, had made over his Jewels, Plate, Household-Goods, and all other Moveables to him, and sent Officers to seize immediately on every thing. It was to no purpose that *Emanuella*, surpriz'd as she was, had Presence of Mind to argue on this score more like a Person whom many Years Experience had made perfect in the Law, than a young Virgin, who till this Hour ne'er knew what 'twas to hear a Word which had the sound of Business. — But in vain it was, that she represented the Illegality of the Action, that she might justly sue them for a Robbery, there being nothing really due to *Don Pedro*, or if there had, he could not justify the seizing on her Goods without a long Process, and a Warrant proper for that End; they told

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her their Business was not to examine into the Merits of the Cause, Don *Pedro* must look to that; they had an Order for what they did, and if she thought herself injur'd, she must make Appeal elsewhere. These sort of Replies were all her fine Reasoning could draw from them, and she would not make use of Reproaches to them, who she knew did but as their Function required, but reserv'd them all for the base *Pedro*. She several times sent to his House, and other Places in search of him, but he was no where to be found, and she was obliged without even the Satisfaction of Complaint, to see her rich Furniture torn down by the Hands of these robust Fellows, her Wardrobe ransack'd, her Coffers borne away to the House of *Pedro*, while herself was left without so much as a Bed to lie on, or a second Suit of Clothes to change for those she had on. — She was not without Consideration by what means she should seek Redress for so inhuman, and unexampled a Wrong; but alas! the artful Villain had watch'd his Opportunity, the Persons appointed by her Father's Will *Trustees*, were neither of them at that time on the Island, and the new Governor not being yet arrived, there was no body in whose power it was to examine into this Affair; and against there was, he had provided, if the worst should happen, some to make Oath of Debts contracted by *Alvarez*, and an Inventory of that Part of his personal Estate which he had seiz'd (and might easily do, having them in his Possession) to prove that they were also assigned to him: Nor was this the Extent of his monstrous Stratagem, as she was left in a desolate and naked House, with only
three

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three or four of her weeping Servants, not yet determined where or to whom she should fly for Shelter, the same Officers again broke in, and seiz'd her Person, by the same Orders as they had done her Effects: This last Stroke was infinitely more severe to her, than all the rest had been; at Liberty, she was not without hope of some Redress; but to be confin'd, and in the power of so inhuman a Villain, gave her Apprehensions which not all her stock of Courage could enable her to sustain: She fainted several times before they carried her away; the Fellows who at this Sight, hardened as they were, began to feel Compassion, endeavour'd to give her some Consolation, by telling her their Orders were not to carry her to Prison, but to the House of Don Pedro, who 'twas possible would come to Terms of Accommodation with her; but this was so far from working the Effect they aim'd at, that it gave an Addition to her Perplexities. O (*said she*) bear me to Prison, to Death, to any thing, rather than place me under the Roof of that consummate Villain! that Fiend more black than Hell it self can furnish! He has no Offers to make me, but such as, wretched as I am, I'd sooner die than accept. — She vented her Passion in many such like Expressions, but neither the steady Calmness which had appeared in her Countenance, during the whole time of their removing her Goods, nor the Agonies this last Surprise had thrown her in, were of any Force to give a Turn to her Condition; she was in the hands of Persons who are not much accustomed to Remorse, or if by Chance sometimes a little touch'd with it, know how to give a check to

Sentiments so contrary to their Profession; she was obliged to go with them to the House of *Don Pedro*, where their Commission being ended, she was left in the Care of some of his Servants; for neither he, nor his Son, were in the way, or at least would not appear till the first Emotions of her Passion were a little abated. But there is a vast difference between those People who are incens'd at every little Accident that happens to thwart their Inclinations, and those whose Passions are not to be raised but on some extraordinary Occasion; — the first as they are immediately angry, so they are as immediately reconciled; but the others, when once provok'd, are for a long time, if ever they are prevail'd on, in the same Humour. Of this last Sort was *Emanuella*; there was scarce a Probability, that had *Don Pedro* recanted, and presently restored her to her Liberty with the Treasures he had so unjustly seiz'd, that she would ever have been brought to forgive the Affront he had put upon her: Nor indeed, can I see why she should, for tho' the World is apt to give to such a Disposition the Epithers of *Malicious* and *Revengeful*, yet as there is certainly a Justice due to our selves as well as to others, in my Opinion to renew a Friendship with a Person whose Unworthiness or Baseness has once forfeited it, is to put it in his power a second time to deceive us, and no other than joining in our own Destruction. *Don Pedro*, however, did not make the tryal, but persisting in the Out-rage he had begun, prepared a Room for her, little different from those, in a common Goal; the Windows of it were grated, and the Door always kept close lock'd, except
when

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when any Person came in to bring her meat: nor was her Attendance more respectful, he denied her to be waited on by one of her own Sex; fearing, as she was afterwards inform'd, her Tears and Eloquent Manner of expressing her Misfortunes might influence them to pity her Condition, so far as to attempt her Relief.— She had the Privilege of indulging her Melancholy undisturbed for two Days, at the end of which Don *Pedro*, imagining the Violence of her Fury pretty well exhausted, went to make her a Visit. But to what a height does the Sight of the Offender transport the hush'd Disorders? *Emanuella*, whose Philosophy had enabled her to bear the Treatment she had met, with much more Moderation than the generality of the World could have done, and depended entirely on Heaven for the Redress of her Injuries, now lost all Patience; she upbraided him in Terms, which if not severe enough for the Baseness he had been guilty of, yet in such bitter ones, that she herself thought afterwards were unbecoming the Mildness of her Sex; and indeed she had so great an Aversion for Railing, that she has been often heard to say, no Usage could excuse it:— And 'tis certain, the edge of her Invectives had been much less keen, if Don *Pedro*, to his other Crimes, had not in this Visit offer'd an additional Indignity, which to the delicacy of her Soul was less pardonable than his former ones. His arthy and groveling Disposition, rendering him incapable of judging of the Elegance of her's, made him affront her when he meant quite otherwise: Among some other faint Excuses for what he had done, he told her that, he had no other way to force her to marry his Son, —
but

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but as soon as ever, she consented to that, she should not only be put in possession of all, the Care of *Alvarez* had heaped up for her, but also of Treasures which in no other Match she could expect. Not the poor Cottage Maid, who on the mountain Tops, exposed to Winter's Colds, and Summer's Heats, watches her little Flock, nor knows what Grandeur means, had less of Pride than *Emanuella* ; yet here, the new, and ne'er till now experienced Guest usurp'd the whole Dominion o'er her Soul, and fir'd each Faculty with generous Scorn. — Wretch (*cry'd she*) who ignorant of Merit, and far incapable of judging by what the noble Mind is sway'd, thou thinkest all Dispositions like thy own, and conscious of thy own Depravity of Nature, hast dar'd to hope thou hast the means to force, or bribe me to thy Purpose ; — but know, presuming Fool ! I view thy executed Spite, and proffer'd Love with equal Eyes, and think them both below my Anger, and fit Subjects only for Disdain. She spoke much more to the same purpose, but *Don Pedro* knowing how entirely he had her in his power, was not at all mov'd at it, and doubted not but in a little time when she found there was no other Possibility of regaining her Liberty, she would recede from her present Haughtiness of Disposition : He did not fail to let her know what his Thoughts were on this Occasion, and expressed them in a fashion so insulting, that it encreased her Rage ; 'till finding all she could say ineffectual to bring him to any just Sense of the Villany he was guilty, or to make him see how improbable it was she should ever be brought to yield to what he desir'd by such Methods, she at length desisted

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desisted, and resolved to speak to him no more. 'Tis probable the old Don was a little nettled at her Behaviour, but he made no shew of it; and only telling her, if she would not be persuaded to become his Daughter, he should take care to be so far a Father to her, as to secure her Person and Fortune from being lavish'd away on a worse Choice, took his Leave. If a Condition such as hers could admit of any Happiness, it was at seeing him depart — the Sight of him was justly detestable to her, and the more so, because being an utter Enemy to Passion, she was almost as ready to condemn her self for the Extravagancies it made her guilty of, as he who had occasioned it: Nothing could be more exemplary than her manner of supporting this Confinement, the Excellence of her Principles made her think it a Crime to *revile* even her greatest Enemies, and the Greatness of her Spirit from any mean Complaining of her ill Fortune: the Servant who was appointed to attend her, protested he never saw her weep, nor utter the least irregular Word. Not that she was insensible of her Misfortunes; not the most repining Mortal, perhaps, ever felt any thing so nearly: being cut off in all probability for ever from all the Pleasures her Youth and Inclinations rendred her susceptible of. — To be robb'd of all that Grandeur she was bred to, — to be denied the Conversation of her Friends, — shut up from all Society, — and in the power of a Man whose Actions testified him to be the greatest of all Villains, one who doubtless would never let her appear in the World again for fear of being call'd to account for what he had done; — one who, 'twas possible, if she yielded not to his Proposal,

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posal, might, to secure her Fortune, at last contrive her Death: — These were terrible Reflections for so young a Creature, yet I question, by the account I have of her, if the most tenacious of our Philosophers would have bore them with that Resignation she did.

ABOUT a Month was past in this Confinement, during which time she had seen no human Face but the Servant, and Don Pedro once; for neither his Wife, nor Don Marco ever had presumed to come into her Presence, which tho' she was very glad of, she could not help wondering at, not doubting at her first coming there but she should be continually persecuted with the Declarations of him whom her ill Fortune had made her Lover: but she gave herself not much trouble what should be the meaning of it, amusing herself as well as she could with Adventures she had formerly read of; for her cruel Jaylor now denied her the Satisfaction of Books. As she was sitting one Morning pretty early in her usual Meditations, she perceived a Paper lying close to the Door; she started up, and going to take it, perceived by part of it being still under the Door, that it had been thrust in by some body after it was shut: It was impossible but the most incurious in such a Circumstance would have been desirous of seeing what it contain'd, and hastily opening it, she found it was directed to her self, and contained these Lines:

To Donna *EMANUELLA*.

I Heartily lament the unjust Calamity you suffer, but Pity being a poor Consolation, have forbore to give you any Instances of it, till I had the power of testifying

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testifying it by something more than Words; — if you have Courage enough to trust your self with a Person you know not, you will find more Honour than in those you have confided. — I have provided Means for your Escape, if you think fit to accept it, which let me know by a Line this Night when all the Family are in Bed. — I know you are denied the use of Pen and Ink, but if you can contrive to let a String down from your Window, I will be underneath and fasten one to it, which shall easily go in between the Grate, and by that means I may also receive your Answer, which I will wait the writing of. — Depend that I have no other View in attempting to serve you, than what is consistent with the strictest Honour, whose Votary I profess my self, and the injured Emanuella's

Unknown Servant.

P. S. Three distinct Whistles, about two Minutes each time, shall be the Signal for you to let down the String.

THE Surprise Emanuella was in at reading this, cannot be well express'd; she was sensible there were a great many in the Island, who would make this Offer, if by any means they could have known the need she had of their Service; but then the Improbability there was that Don Pedro should let the Truth of this Affair reach the Ear of any one, and much more that they should have an Opportunity of coming into his House, and conveying this Letter under the Door of her Chamber, quite stagger'd her Conjecture: she could not help, however, believing that it was best for her to accept it, since no Condition could be worse than what she

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was

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was in at present ; and if the Person who pretended to so much Honour should have Principles never so different from it, she thought it would be in her power to make a much better Defence at Liberty, and in an open Street, than she could do in this Confinement, in case Don Marco (which she was in daily Apprehensions of) should ever make any Attempts on her Honour: Resolv'd therefore, to send an Answer of Consent, she felt a greater Impatience for the approach of Night than yet she had ever known for any Event: At last it came, and between the Hours of Twelve and One she heard the wish'd-for Signal ; she had tied her Girdle and Garters together to make a long String ready, which on the third Whistle she immediately let down, and with it drew up a little Standish with a Sheet of Paper roll'd up in it, so careful was the Person that no material should be wanting, she did not delay the use it was convey'd for, but fill'd it in a moment with these Lines:

To the generous Offerer of Life, Liberty,
and Deliverance from a thousand
Evils.

I Will not give my self leave to suspect you any other than you seem, lest I should by a needless Fear render my self incapable of accepting what you so kindly offer, and justly merit what future Mischiefs may befall me. — I gladly embrace your Proposition, and am ready to do any thing to get free, — I wish you had acquainted me with what Methods I should take, for I can scarce believe there is a Possibility for me to escape: if there be, I beg the Knowledge may not

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not be defer'd. — As you have been too generous to let me know what Reward you expect for so meritorious an Action; I will not pretend to offer any, since it is only in the power of Heaven to make a Retribution suitable to such exalted Virtue; and as that, I am willing to hope, is your only Aim, so that it may be immediately bestow'd in all the choicest Blessings of that eternal Store-House, shall be the incessant Prayers of

The (beyond Expression) obliged

EMANUELLA.

P. S. The Moon shines to-night with an unusual Splendor, I believe by her favourable Beams you will have Light enough to answer my Impatience with some little Hints by what Means I am to be preserved: If you can without Danger of being observed, I beg you will favour me so far; and that you may do so, I let down your Standish, and let the String continue, which I will not draw up till you give a Signal that you have no further Occasion for it.

NO Whistle being given, she imagin'd he was about to do as she desir'd, and would very fain if possible have seen him, but the Grate was too narrow for her to put her Head through: In a very little time she heard the Whistle, and pulling up the Ribband, found there was a Letter fix'd to it, which contain'd these Lines:

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To

To Donna *E M A N U E L L A*.

TH E Place I am in not being so private as I could wish, to particularize the Account you desire; I entreat you will be satisfied with knowing there is a Way found out to convey the Key of your Prison by the same Means you receive this —; when it comes to your Hands, it will be also accompanied with a little Ladder made of Silk Cords, and you have no more to do than to unlock your Door and go into a Room adjoining to it, which you will find open, and a Window that looks into a Field whence you may easily descend, and at the bottom find him who will be ready to conduct you where you please, and always glad of an Opportunity to prove how very much he is

Your most humble Servant.

P. S. I believe you will have the Ladder and Key to-morrow Night, — therefore do not neglect to watch the Signal.

I F Emanuella was before confounded in her Conjectures who it should be that appeared so assiduous to deliver her, she was now much more so; the Key of the Door assur'd her it must be by the Assistance of some Person in the House she was to be befriended: but all the Guesses she could make seeming improbable, she contented her self to wait the Certainty; and the Probability that the worst part of her Misfortune, her Confinement, was near an end, gave her hopes that she should also find Justice to remedy the others also; and she past the remainder of that Night and the ensuing Day
in

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in Contemplations much more tranquil than she had known, since she had been in that House.

THE next Night, much about the same Hour, or something later, she heard the Sound she was not a little impatient for ; and letting down the String, found it came up with a weight which told her before she saw it, what she expected had not fail'd her : she received both the Ladder and Key, to which was fix'd a little piece of Paper in which was writ these Words :

This Moment is the Crisis of your Fate — ; be careful not to lose it — unlock your Door as softly as you can, and go into a Chamber on the left Hand, there is a Balcony to which you may fix your Ladder — ; do not mistake the Room, nor take any Light with you — there are Horses to carry you where you shall command.

IT was not without some little Apprehensions this distressed Lady was about to put herself in the power of a Person unknown, at such an Hour, and one who she found had Convenience to carry her where he pleased, tho' he made her the Compliment of leaving it to her own Choice ; but the Exigence of her Affairs, the cruel Restraint she was under, and the Probability of greater Evils, presently banish'd them, and she unlock'd the Door, and in every thing obeyed Directions. The Balcony was so low, that she might almost have jumped from it to the Ground ; but the Gentleman who had taken so much pains to serve her, ordered every thing as commodious as possible. She found three Men on Horseback, one of which alighting,

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ing, lifted her up behind another, and as soon as he was remounted himself, desired her to say where they should conduct her. — The terror she had been in for fear of Discovery while she was in the House, the Confusion to think she was in the Hands of Strangers, and the Uncertainty to which of her Acquaintance the coming in that Hour, and Manner, and the rest of her History, would be the least liable to Censure, made her unable to reply; which one of them perceiving, said to the others, The Lady may by her late Disorders be perhaps, at present, incapable of determining on any thing, 'tis therefore best to ride some distance from hence, no matter which way, to prevent Discovery, till the Power of Consideration is a little return'd to her. *Emanuella*, willing to be farther from *Don Pedro*, assented, and they all went five or six Miles without stopping or speaking to each other; a little House in which there was a Light seem'd to invite them to bait at it, and it being proposed, she having put her self so far into their power, thought it would discover a ridiculous Distrust to scruple bearing them Company into it; and beside, she hoped her Curiosity would be satisfied by discovering to whom it was she was indebted for her Delivery, for they were all so muffled in their Cloaks, that it was impossible for her to know whether she had ever seen them before or not; she had ask'd the Person she rode behind, but he excused himself by telling her that he but obey'd his Principal in what he had done, and without his Leave could not discover any thing. This Secrecy a little alarm'd her, but she was infinitely more so when being come into the

House,

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House, one of the Persons who she observ'd had never spoke one Word during the whole time of their little Journey, came into the Room, and making a Sign to the others to withdraw, threw off his Cloak, and discovered himself to be *Don Marco*. Astonishment, and Rage, and Fear at once possess'd her—— she could not imagine for what Reason he had acted in this manner, unless it was contriv'd so that in flying the Cruelty of the *Father*, she should run into the danger of a more shocking Treatment from the Son.— But she had not time to utter any part of what she thought, before falling on his Knees he accosted her in this Manner: I see Madam, said he, with what Regret you find your self under some Obligation to any of the Family of *Don Pedro*; but to convince you that Nearness of Blood does not always occasion a Conformity of Principles, be pleased to accept of this little part of what has been so unjustly taken from you, and believe that *Marco* will never rest till the whole is again at your disposal. In speaking these Words he presented her with a little Amber Box, in which she had been used to keep her Jewels; which opening, she found it still contain'd them, and also Bills to a great Value. 'Tis hard to say whether she was most amazed, or pleased, at so unexpected a piece of Generosity. The Esteem she formerly had for him, which by the late Behaviour of his Father, in which she imagined he had an equal Share, had been converted into as great an Aversion, now return'd with added Vigour, and she rejoiced as much to find she had not been deceived in her first Sentiments of his Virtues, as in the Advantage she receiv'd from them;

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them ; she expressed herself so obligingly on this Occasion, that Don *Marco* who had the most sincere and disinterested Affection for her that ever was, could not listen to her without feeling a Rapture perhaps superior to that which some who call themselves Lovers are capable of knowing, even in the Gratification of their utmost Wishes. I tremble Madam, *said he*, to appear before you, knowing well that without a Goodness near Divine, the little Service I have now been able to do you, joined with that of my whole future Life is far too small to engage Forgiveness for the Wrongs you have received from my Family ; and should not have presumed to discover my self, had not your uncertainty how to bestow your self in safety, obliged me to bring you to this House. You would then, *answer'd she*, have been guilty of a great Injustice to your self, and Unkindness to me ; for to be obliged in so profuse a manner, and be ignorant where to pay our Acknowledgments, is, to a grateful Soul, a Pain — : Besides, I feel so great a Satisfaction in the Knowledge, that when I entertain'd a Friendship for Don *Marco* I err'd not in my Choice, that I know not if I could easily have pardon'd the delaying of it. — Be assur'd, I cannot resent the Usage I have met from Don *Pedro* with half that Warmth and Spirit, as I shall endeavour to repay my Obligations to his Son ; and that the Virtues of the latter, have entirely disarm'd me from taking that Revenge which the Vices of the other would else have demanded. O I know, resumed Don *Marco*, I know you are too heavenly good, to wish Revenge ; but do not, I beseech you, do not let the

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the Memory of what I have done, nor the Belief how much more I would do, were it in my power make you forget what is owing to your self. — Use all proper means to oblige my cruel Father to restore to you what he has so unjustly taken from you; for much I fear he will not be prevail'd upon by gentle means to deal with Honour by you.

T H I S generous Contest lasted for some Time, nor would *Don Marco* give it over, till she had promised to endeavour to do her self Justice; for the Attainment of which, both thought it the most effectual Way for her to pursue her Intention of going to *Madrid*, not only because if she continued where she was, *Don Pedro's* Artifice might possibly find her out, and contrive some Stratagem again to get her in his power, but also that the King was the only Person who had the Means of redressing her Grievances. He would needs accompany her thither, attended by the two Men whom he had brought to assist her in her Escape; but she opposed it, telling him she had already receiv'd too many Obligations to endure the Thoughts of laying herself under more: However, on his representing the Dangers which of consequence must attend a Person of her Sex, in so long a Voyage, alone; and also the Necessity there was for him to abscond for some time from the Rage of *Don Pedro*, who 'twas probable would be raised to the highest Pitch, on the Discovery how his Designs had been circumvented by the very Person for whose sake they had been form'd: She was at last persuaded, it would not only be extremly commodious for her, but also far

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from

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from inconvenient for him ; and since his abs-
 senting himself from his Father was absolutely
 necessary, it was as well for him to take a
 Voyage to *Madrid*, as any other Place. This
 being concluded on, Don *Marco* advis'd their
 immediate Departure, judging it not safe to
 remain on the Island after Day-Break, if by
 any means they could leave it sooner ; because
 he knew that in the Morning the Fellow who
 had the Charge of the Key which he had stole,
 would discover the Theft, and *Emanuella's* E-
 scape. One of the Men was therefore immediately
 dispatch'd to the Sea-side, which they were
 not above three Miles distant from, to see if
 there was a Ship ready to go off, and to agree
 for the Passage. By good Fortune there was one,
 which on a more than ordinary Gratification,
 comply'd with their desire of hoisting Sail as
 soon as they came on board. 'Twould be
 needless to say with how much Pleasure *Ema-
 nuella* heard this News ; the ardent Desire she
 had to leave a place which had so little in it
 agreeable to her Genius, joined to the late ill
 Treatment she had met with, and the Ap-
 prehensions of being subjected to the same
 again, is sufficient to make the Reader sensible
 with what a Welcome she receiv'd the certainty
 of going.

A N infinity of Contentment sat smiling on
 her Countenance all the time of their Voyage ;
 a fair Wind, kindly Gales, and an unruffled Sea
 wafted her smoothly to her desired Port. — No
 chilling Fears from *within* — No Omens from
without — No secret Warning from her Guar-
 dian Angel gave a Check to the Satisfac-
 tion she felt at landing on that fatal Shore
 where

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where all her Peace of Mind was to be wreck'd! where Mischiefs multiplied, concealed in Clouds — Numberless, nameless Ills — attended her Approach, ready to burst with all their hoarded Venom on her Head.

SHE went immediately to the House of Don *Jabin*, a very near Relation, where having made herself known, and the Particulars of her late Adventure, she was receiv'd with the highest Demonstrations of Kindness — Both he and his Wife assured her they would introduce her to the King, who would doubtless do her Justice as to the Recovery of that part of her Fortune which was still in the possession of Don *Pedro*; and also issue out his Orders for the Punishment so base an Action deserv'd: But this not being done immediately, by reason of his Majesty being at that time at the *Escorial*, from which he did not return so soon as was expected; an Incident entirely unforeseen gave a sudden and vexatious Turn to this Affair, and instead of being *Plaintiff*, reduced her to the State of a *Defendant*.

THE cunning Don *Pedro* had no sooner discover'd her Escape, than he immediately guess'd to what place she was gone; and not doubting but she would take such Measures as could end in no less than his Ruin, had it presently in his head how to preserve himself, and lay the Odium on her: His Son being fled with her, and some few Bills he had taken from him to support himself in his Absence, as well as what of right belong'd to *Emanuella*, furnish'd him with Hints which the prompting Fiend that animated his inventive Brain, took care to improve to form a Story so plausible,

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that when heard, he should appear the only injured Person, and *Emamiella*, and his Son (whom now he hated) be esteemed no other than Wretches who had contriv'd together to rob him ; full of this inhuman Stratagem, and accompanied by some vile Creatures whose Evidence he had purchas'd, as well as Bonds, Notes, and Bills, counterfeiting the dead *Alvarez's* Hand and Seal, he was at *Madrid* almost as soon as those he follow'd ; and being inform'd, his Majesty was at the *Escorial*, he waited not his coming to *Madrid*, but as Vice is always more indefatigable in the pursuit of what it aims at, than a sincere and honest Meaning, he went to wait on him there : And his Age and artful Manner of insinuating what he would have believ'd, wrought so far on the Royal Ear, as to gain him the promise of having it in his power to inflict what Punishment he pleased on the Fugitives, who the cruel Politician had taken care to inform himself where they might be found, before he deliver'd his Petition, tho' he conceal'd himself from either of them.

NOTHING therefore of his Arrival being suspected, till the News of the King's Return, put Don *Jabin* in mind that his Cousin should make her Appeal, and she was dressing herself to accompany him to Court, when a Messenger from thence came to demand her Appearance. The Surprize of so unlook'd-for a Summons, put them all in a Consternation ; and Don *Marco*, who tho' he did not lodge there, pass'd most of his Hours with them, and was at that time present, discover'd in his Countenance a Horror which extreamly added

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added to it. He was not ignorant of the thousand Artifices his Father was ever Master of, when he was zealous for the Accomplishment of any Design, and fear'd it was by some Emissaries employ'd by him, tho' he was far from imagining he was there himself, that something had been done to pervert that Justice he might very well believe *Emanuella* would claim. He would very fain have perswaded her to suffer him to wait on her, that in case it were as he suspected, he might be a Witness on her Side, against whatever false Suggestions should be offered to her Disadvantage; but that generous Lady would by no means be prevailed on to permit him. She told him she had not the least Fear of making a Defence against all that Malice could form to hurt her; and that she could not consent a Person she call'd Friend, and one who so justly had merited that Title from her, should put so great a Constraint on himself, and endure a Shame so poyant, as must rise from the Accusation of a Parent, tho' never so unworthy a one. She express'd herself in Terms so absolute, that *Don Marco*, tho' with a world of Reluctance, was obliged to obey: and accompanied by *Don Jabin*, his Lady, and the two Servants, who came over with her, and whom it was necessary should appear; she went with a Courage infinitely beyond what could be expected from her Sex and Years; and wholly relying on the Justice of her Cause, and the Care of Heaven, was farther from any dread of the Event, than those to whom it was of less Concern.

NOT

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NOT but when she was conducted into the Palace, and brought before the King, she was a little alarm'd to see the base Don *Pedro* there: she had however Presence enough of Mind to conceal those little Emotions which she was unable to repel at so unexpected an Interview, and after having paid her Duty to the Royal Presence; If I were not already too well acquainted, *said she*, with your Insolence in maintaining the Injuries you do, I should have hope, Repentance for those you have offered me, had brought you here, so contrary to my Expectation, to make me that Restitution, you might be sure I should endeavour to force you to. There was not a Person in this Assembly, which was very numerous, most of the Nobility being come to congratulate his Majesty on his Return, who the Appearance of *Emanuella*, and the Sweetness which accompanied her Accents, assur'd as they were, did not win to her Interest.— The King himself seem'd to regard her with an uncommon Stedfastness, as surpriz'd at the Graces which attended her; and already suspicious of the Truth of what had been suggested against her: which the watchful *Pedro* observing, throwing himself at his Feet, O my Sovereign! *said he*, if this Woman's Soul had any Affinity with her exterior Charms, she would at least have had Modesty sufficient to have shun'd the awful Justice of this Place—but I entreat you by that extensive Power which makes Kings Gods on Earth, and by that sacred Regard which to the King of Kings, even from your self, is due! — By Honour, Pity, Justice, by your own Royal Promise, I conjure you not to listen to the false
Infi-

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Insinuations of this artful *Siren*, who comes no doubt prepared with well-dress'd Perjuries, and smooth Hypocrisy to evade her Crimes, and turn the Sword of Vengeance against me. 'Twould be very hard to describe any part of what pass'd in the Soul of the injur'd *Emanuella* all the time he was speaking in this manner; scarce could she restrain the struggling Passions, which swell'd almost to bursting in her Breast, and press'd so hard for Vent, 'tis probable no Consideration would have been of force to have withheld them, had not the King with a Countenance somewhat perplex'd commanded him to be silent, telling him Justice should be severely executed on whichever Party should be found the Guilty — Don *Jabin* then, tho' very much confus'd at so strange a Character of his Relation, thought it was his Time to speak, and begg'd to know of what she was accus'd. To which his Majesty assenting, commanded a Person appointed for that purpose to read the Heads of the Charge against her, as they were taken from the Mouth of her Impeacher; which he presently obey'd, and with a loud Voice surpriz'd all who had not heard it before, with the Contents of a Paper which he pulled out of his Pocket, and were as follows:

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32 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

A brief Abstract of the Crimes alledged against Donna Emanuella, Daughter to Don Alvarez, late Governor of Porto-Rico, an Island in that part of his most Catholick Majesty's Dominions, entitled the *Spanish-West-Indies* : Attested by Don Pedro, and a great Number of other Gentlemen upon Oath.

I.

That the said Donna Emanuella, being privy to the borrowing several large Sums of Money from Don Pedro, by her Father ; she, after his Death, not only deny'd the Payment of them, but also pretended there was much more owing to her from the said Don Pedro.

II.

That she seduc'd the Principles of Don Marco, the only Son of Don Pedro, and living with him in a riotous and dissolute manner, soon wasted the little Wealth left her by Don Alvarez ; on which having recourse to Don Pedro for a Supply, and being refus'd by him, she hir'd Assassins to murder him, which he very narrowly escap'd.

III.

That being, by the Order of the Magistrates of the Place, on Don Pedro's Complaint, taken into Custody, and afterwards, by his Compassion and Charity, preserv'd from being carried to Prison, and taken into his own House on her seeming Repentance ; she most ungratefully and wickedly contriv'd with his own Son to rob him, which they did, and made their Escape together to Madrid, with the Value of 5000 Crowns in Jewels, Bills and Money.

SO heavy an Accusation, loaden with so many aggravating Circumstances, was sufficient
to

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to have shock'd the most establish'd Fortitude ; but *Emanuella* was of that sort of Spirit, which exalts it self the most, when most it is oppress'd : she seem'd rather fuller of Disdain than Anger, while she listned to the invective Scroll ; and when she saw Amazement sit on every Face, and those of her own Blood confounded, and unable to offer any thing in her Defence, she thus undertook to plead for herself. Wonder not, Royal Sir ! *said she*, that, conscious of my perfect Innocence, and of a Soul too nice to bear such rude Suspicions, as this monstrous Legend may perhaps create, should lodge a Moment in the Breasts of any here ; I not await the dull Formalities of Law, nor ask Advice from learned Counsel drawn, but here presume to make my own Defence, unaided but by Truth — Permit me then, great King ! to unfold a Story must make my vile Accuser's Heart grow cold within him, tho' warm'd with all the Fires from Hell. She stop'd at these Words, by a beseeching Air expecting his Permission to proceed ; which being granted, she related the whole Affair with the greatest Truth and Exactness, neither extenuating her Enemy's Inhumanity, nor diminishing the smallest Tittle of her own Behaviour. Don *Pedro*, and his Accomplices, attempted to interrupt her several times, but they were commanded to be silent, and she was indulg'd in all the freedom she could desire in vindicating herself, and accusing him. When she had finish'd what she had to say, and the Witnesses she brought with her examin'd, there were many, who, confident of her Sincerity, spoke in her Behalf, but it avail'd but little. Don

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Pedro's continued Asseverations, the number of his Evidences, and the advantage of complaining first, was very near carrying the Cause against her; when *Don Marco*, impatient that they stay'd, and full of fears, which were indeed prophetick, left the House of *Don Jabin*, and came with all speed to the Palace: partly by Persuasions, and partly by Force, he got through the Guards, and entered the Room of Audience just as his Father was entreating Sentence might be pass on *Emanuella*. Distracted with what he saw and heard, he ran up to the Chair of State, and begg'd it might be suspended 'till he was heard. The King, whose Sentiments were yet unfix'd, gave him leave to utter what he had to say; and deaf to all other Considerations but those of clearing her, he wildly spoke every thing he knew, and not only confirm'd all *Emanuella* had averr'd, but many more Particulars, of which she was ignorant, concerning his Father's Barbarity; and among the rest, that he really had a design to murder her, the surer to secure her Fortune; which horrid Deed had certainly been perpetrated, had he not timely contrived the means of her Escape. But all that he could urge, was in vain; the King had been so much prepossess'd by *Don Pedro* of a criminal Correspondence between him and that Lady, that all he said appeared but as the Effects of Gallantry to save a *Mistress*, who, considering her Attractions, and the Misfortune of his own Form, it was no wonder he should risque every thing for. But, with what Words can so unexampled a Generosity be prais'd! — Perceiving his Zeal to serve, had rather work'd a contrary Effect; the

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the noble-minded *Marco*, resolv'd to give a fatal Proof of his Sincerity, once more addressing himself to his Majesty; Since that bad Man, who gave me Being, *said he*, prefers a little shining Dirt to Honour, Truth and Justice, and still persists in his design of ruining an innocent Virgin entrusted to his Care: Thus! *continued he*, (drawing his Sword, and falling on it, before any one cou'd be quick enough to prevent him) Thus! I release myself of the Duty of a Son. — Thus! clear myself of the Crimes he has accus'd me of — and Thus! I hope, convince your sacred Majesty, and the yet unbelieving World, that it contains not a Jewel of more worth than *Emanuella*! — Hear, and believe me, Royal Sir! tho' long, long I have ador'd the charming Maid, conscious of my own Defects, I ne'er presum'd to wound her Ears with the unwelcome Tale; nor would I, 'till my last Moment, have ventur'd on the Declaration, lest she should have *bated*, what I'm too well assur'd she never cou'd have *lov'd*. — If what I now have done, be an Offence to Heaven, I hope you will all supplicate my Pardon: for be assur'd, could I have liv'd with Honour, or with Peace, I had not died so early; but thus, miserable in all, traduced by him, who ought to have been the Protector of my Fame, justly despis'd by her I wish'd to please, what could I do, but — He could no more; he had given the Wound with such a force, Death found an easy Passage to his Heart, and soon deprived him of the Power of Utterance. The King seem'd prodigiously alarmed at so uncommon a Testimony of Affection. The Nobles look'd on one another, struck with a sudden Horror.

36 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

Emanuella forgot her own Misfortunes to lament the untimely Fate of so deserving a Youth. But *Don Pedro*, who, tho' he stood still and motionless for some time, as the Son his Barbarity had deprived him of, yet his hurrying Thoughts were busy enough within, and turn'd all his Soul into Confusion. — Long sleeping Conscience rous'd itself at length, and Self-Conviction, Remorse, and all the Horrors of Desperation at once invaded him. The wild Disorder scorning to prey on any of the meaner Faculties, mounted to the Brain, whirling Reflexion from her Chain of Causes, and quite disjointed Reason. In this sudden Frenzy he uttered enough to make all that heard him sensible of his Guilt; and the King, rightly judging the Cause by the Effect, order'd him to be taken away and secur'd 'till Time should discover more. The Persons, who had appear'd Confederates in his Design, were sent to the *Inquisition*, there to be instructed in the Pains which perjur'd Wretches like themselves are doom'd to bear in another World; and *Emanuella*, and her Friends, dismiss'd with those Encomiums which her modest, but courageous Behaviour merited, and a Promise given by the King's own mouth, That he would send an immediate Order for the bringing over all that *Don Pedro* had so unjustly seiz'd.

THIS Adventure engross'd the whole Discourse of the Town for a great while; and those who were entirely Strangers to the Person of *Emanuella*, were perfectly well acquainted with her by Report. It is most certain, that her Virtues being rendred by this publick Notice more conspicuous, gain'd her a much greater number

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number of Admirers than otherwise she would have had, if she had been no more seen, nor known than the *Spanish* Ladies ordinarily are; but then the same Reason created also an adequate proportion of Detractors. It is impossible to be remarkably distinguish'd, without being as remarkably envied and hated, especially by those of the same Sex; those who found the greatest improvement in her Conversation, and whom she most instructed in any of those numerous Accomplishments, in which she excell'd, secretly wish'd her less capable of affording it; and those to whom she would not be seen, as finding nothing in them worthy of her Friendship, made it their whole Study by all the little Artifices they were Mistresses of, to lessen the brightness of a Character whose Radiency discover'd the Imperfections of their own: but hers was too well establish'd for any of the Plots laid against her to succeed, and she was so universally applauded by all the knowing part of the World, that it was sufficient to be accounted well thought of by her, to engage the Reputation of being a fine Woman —

There were a great many, therefore, who endeavour'd an Intimacy with her in no other View; aiming only at the Character, and neglecting the real Advantages which even those who had been the least indebted either to Nature or Education, might have found in an Acquaintance with her. Nor did her Charity, and Generosity of Disposition, extend only to the embellishing the *Minds* of those to whom she profess'd a Friendship; she could not think a worthy Person under any Distress, without preventing their Requests, by offering every thing

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thing in her power to serve them : and tho' the Fortune she was at present possess'd of (till Don *Pedro* had restor'd her the much greater part still in his hands) would not allow very conveniently of such Liberalities ; yet she made Presents, which by their Magnificence, had the Receivers been ignorant from whom they came, would rather have been imagin'd to flow from the Purse of a Princess, than that of a private Gentlewoman. Donna *Berillia*, youngest Daughter to her Cousin Don *Jabin*, experienced her Bounty this way ; for being condemned much against her Inclinations to a Nunnery (as in *Spain*, where a *Grandee* has a numerous Family, and not an equal Affluence of Wealth, rather than march them below their Birth, 'tis common to bestow one or more of them in that manner, where for eight or nine hundred Crowns they are provided for, for their Lives) the generous *Emanuella* never left soliciting her Father to suspend his Design, till she should receive the remainder of her Fortune as the King had promised she should ; assuring him that she would add to what he must be obliged to give to place her in a Cloister, as much as would make her equal to what he design'd for her other Sisters. — Don *Jabin* was very loth to accept of what she offer'd ; telling her it was not only a much greater Favour than he was willing to accept, but also a Sum beyond what she could conveniently spare : but she stopp'd his mouth, begging him to believe the Company of *Berillia* was cheaply purchased at that Rate ; and that for his other Objection, she would easily make it up, by retrenching Expences, less pleasing to herself than that would be.

T H I S

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THIS young Lady so highly obliged to *Emanuella* for this Proof of her Friendship, one would think should never have obliterated the Memory of it; but what Engagements are of force to bind a Thankless and Ungrateful Mind! The Aversion she had for a monastick Life, was soon discover'd by the penetrating Eyes of her Cousin, to proceed from her too great Affection for a young Fop, who had nothing to recommend him to the Approbation of of a Woman of Discretion; and talking to her with a little more warmth than was usual on this Occasion, the other resented it as tho' she took that Liberty on the account of what she had promised to her Father, and from that Moment conceiv'd so great a Hatred, that it grew uneasy to herself, because she had no Opportunity to make the other feel the Effects of it—But being naturally as cunning as revengeful, she conceal'd her Sentiments, and under the mask of Friendship, watch'd all her Actions, still hoping some unguarded Minute might arrive, in which she should be able to discover something to expose her for. But not all her Dilligence could furnish what she wanted; *Emanuella*, among the multiplicity of her Adorers, behav'd herself in such a manner, that might defy the strictest Scrutiny—all her Actions—all her Words—all her Looks, were govern'd by Prudence, and her malicious Observer began to think it would be but Labour lost to attempt to blast either her Virtue or Reputation. But alas! what Courage, what Discretion, what cool Reserve, what Sanctity of Wishes can defend the Heart, when once the God of Love has found
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an Entrance there! that Tyrant Passion lords it o'er the Mind, fills every Faculty, and leaves no room for any other Thought——drives Consideration far away——overturns Reflection——and permits no Image but it self to dwell in Fancy's Region. The soft and tender Soul of *Emanuella*, was a fit Temple for the enslaving Deity to work his utmost wonders in; and that she no sooner felt his Power, was not because she was less susceptible than others of her Acquaintance, but that her Taste was more delicate, and so many different Perfections as were necessary to attract her Admiration, were very difficult to be found in one Man.

BUT Chance, or rather the Character of her Charms, at last, brought a Person to her sight so conformable to the *Idea* she had created in her Mind, of what would please her, that she could not presently distinguish whether it was still the same delightful Vision her extensive Fancy had dress'd up with all the Ornaments of Art and Nature, or a real Substance. This most lovely, this accomplish'd Gentleman, was call'd *Emilius*, a young Roman Count, who, having visited almost all the Courts of *Europe*, happen'd at this time to be at *Madrid*. He heard talk of *Emanuella*, as of the greatest wonder there; and having seen all other Curiosities, could not be satisfied to leave the Place, without first being an Eye-witness of those Perfections, which Fame so lavishly reported. The *Carnival* coming on, he had hope the Freedom of the Diversions used in that Season, might afford him an Opportunity he long had vainly languish'd for: Nor was he

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he deceived. *Emanuella*, who had not been accustomed to those severe Restrictions of Behaviour the *Spanish* Jealousy obliges the Females of their Family to observe, was glad to lay hold of all Opportunities to indulge the natural Gaiety of her Humour; and accompanied by Donna *Berillia*, and other Ladies of her Acquaintance, took part in all the innocent Liberties the time allow'd. As they were on their Rambles one day, the watchful Count, having Intelligence to whose House they were going, found means to be introduced to the Master of it: There happened to be a great Assembly of Gentlemen and Ladies; but presently informing himself which was *Emanuella*, he singled her out; and in entertaining her, it was difficult to say whether he gave, or receiv'd the greater Pleasure. She thought she had never seen any thing so agreeable and witty, and he found her so far surpassing all the Descriptions had been made him, that tho' he had arm'd himself with all the Resolution he was Master of, to regard her only with *Admiration*, a tenderer Passion, in spite of him, soon took up all his Soul—He could not gaze, without admiring; nor admire, without desiring: But tho' he found that he had very much receded from that Resolution he had form'd before he saw her, yet, till he saw her no more, he knew not how much—The height of Passion is never so truly experienced as in Absence—when from our longing Eyes, the dear-lov'd Prospect flies—and our transported Ears no more are blest—what *Sense* cannot bestow *Imagination's* Force supplies, and brings the Charmer to our ravish'd View—in spite of distance, we see!

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we hear! we grasp the lovely Phantom, and taste, in *Theory*, ten thousand Joys; till *Reason*, envious of the airy Bliss, chases the bright *Ideas* from our Minds, and shows us what we are.

IT was in these waking *Dreams* the amorous Count beguil'd the Pains of Absence; but he was too much of the Temper of his Sex to content himself without a Happiness more substantial: A perfect Knowledge of his own Attractions, and frequent Experience how little it was in the power of any Woman to withstand the influence of them, made him not despair of finding the same Sensibility in *Emanuella*, as he had done in others; and imagined he wanted nothing but an Opportunity to acquaint her with his Passion, to inspire an equal one in her. The first Step therefore, that he made towards the ingratiating himself, was to write; and, besides the being pretty much accustomed to such kind of *Billets*, the Passion he was at present fir'd with, help'd him to dictate one tender enough to make her believe he lov'd her, and too respectful not to give her an Opinion, his Designs were accompanied with the strictest Honour. The Words were these:

To the Incomparable Donna *EMANUELLA*.

BEFORE I attempt to make known the impatient Dictates of my Soul, I would call all the Aids of Wit—of pity-moving Eloquence—and soft Persuasion, to inspire my Pen, and teach me Arts to which I am yet a Stranger: But that a secret Impulse

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pulse from within, bids me beware—tells me Sincerity disdains the Ornaments of Words, and looks most lovely in her naked Meaning—Yet dare I not proceed—O that my Guardian Angel—the Witness of my Sighs, my Tears, my long Endurings, my restless Days, and agonizing Nights, would leave his Charge one Moment, and gently whisper in your Ear how much I love—how much I suffer—At length the Secret is reveal'd—O wondrous Force of Passion! that while it drives, restrains, and speaks in Silence—I have confess'd I love—but O what hope that you'll permit me to attest this Truth by all the Services of my future Life?—I have no Parents here, no Friend, no Merits to excuse this bold Presumption, and plead my Cause—but if Emanuella has a Penetration such as her Eyes, and Wit, have persuaded me to think, that has already told her more in my behalf than any Tongue could utter. The wild Confusion in my Countenance—the Inconnexion of my Words, when all surpriz'd! astonish'd! at the Wonders of your Charms, I by a thousand ways betray'd my Sense of them the few Hours I had the Blessing of entertaining you, at the House of Don Francisco—But I am too presuming—I fear the excellent Emanuella, so used to conquer, regarded not a Triumph so unworthy of her Observation—If so, I am indeed undone—but as 'tis natural to wish Pity for remediless Misfortunes, be so divinely good to allow me that; and if you chance to hear of an unhappy Stranger, who falls a Martyr to Love's powerful Flame, know it is he who living or dying must be

Your everlasting Votary,

EMILLUS

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P. S.

P. S. *As I have pass'd many Nights in Contemplation under your Window; permit me to disturb an Hour's Repose of yours with the Musick this Evening about twelve or one a-clock.*

IF what *Emanuella* felt from the first View of *Emilius* was not yet arrived to a Passion, it was enough to afford an infinity of Pleasure in receiving this; which, indeed, she was not without some secret Expectations of, having, as he judiciously enough observ'd, a Discernment which seldom deceiv'd her, and easily inform'd her the Emotions that appeared in his Face were occasion'd only by her Presence; had she been as quick in discovering the Humours of her own Sex, she had escap'd the greatest part of the Misfortunes which soon after came upon her—But as intimate as she was with *Donna Berillia*, she forbore to acquaint her with this Affair, not out of any suspicion she would betray it, or make any Conjecture to her disadvantage; but that perceiving she still carried on an Amour with that young Spark already mentioned, she thought to acknowledge herself a Lover, would be to lessen the Prerogative she took in advising the other. When Night came, she was very much perplex'd how to get rid of her; and not being willing she should stay till the Count came to the Window, made a Pretence of being a little indispos'd, and said she would go to Bed; but the officious Creature would not be so put off; and being of a suspicious Temper, presently imagin'd there was something more than ordinary in the Case, that made her Cousin, contrary to her Custom, so willing she should leave her; and besides, she fancied

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fancied she had been more thoughtful of late than usual : Therefore putting all this together, she resolv'd, if possible, to find out the meaning of it ; and imagining that this Night might produce something which would tend to a Discovery, she stir'd not from the Chamber, under colour of taking care of her, till *Emanuella* had been some time in Bed. Nor after she left her, did she retire to her own Chamber ; but putting out the Lights, conceal'd herself in one adjoining to her's, and from which she could easily hear every thing that stir'd in it. She had not long stood Centinel, before she was surpriz'd with the Sound of Musick which the Count had brought to serenade his Mistress ; she presently drew nearer to a little Window that was in the Room, and the Instruments being tun'd, accompanied a Voice which in very Harmonious Accents sang these Stanzas :

I.

From bright Emanuella's Charms,

Ah ! what Relief is found ?

She every way the Soul alarms !

And never fails to wound.

II.

Reason and Love, once Foes profess'd,

Their utmost Forces join :

And make the most obdurate Breast,

Confess her all Divine !

III.

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III.

*Whether she speaks, or looks, or moves,
Strange Passion she inspires !
Scorning the Arts of vulgar Loves,
At once she awes and fires !*

EMANUELLA was so much accusom'd to Gallantries of this kind, that *Berillia* would not have thought any farther of this, than any other *Serenade*, had she not immediately after the Song heard her open her Window : A Condescension she never had made before, to any who aim'd at the Secret to please her, was sufficient to assure the Fair Inquisitive, that whoever the Person below was, he was possess'd of an uncommon Share of *Emanuella's* Favour, and made her listen to the Conversation they presently after begun, with all the Attention she was able, to discover, if possible, the happy Man so remarkably distinguish'd.

THE moment *Emanuella* appear'd at her Window, *Emilius*, after having made a Sign to those that accompanied him to retire, came as near as he could to it ; and in a low Voice, Can you forgive divine *Emanuella* ! said he, my keeping you from that Repose which might probably afford you Entertainments more elegant than any you can find abroad. I should be very cruel to my self, answer'd she, and unjust to you ; should the too nice Reserves of the Country we are in, oblige me to shun a Pleasure such as you have just now afforded me ; and as I had my Education in a place of greater Liberties, I shall make no Scruple of
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continuing to indulge my self in all those innocent ones I have been accustomed to; among which, I account a free Conversation with Persons of your Sex, provided always their Behaviour is what Honour and Decency will allow of. The Man so favour'd (*resum'd the Count*) must be unworthy indeed, who could not form a Humour, if not born with him, suited to those Principles which alone are capable of recommending him to a Woman of less Virtue than the adorable *Emanuella*. O (*continued he, with a beseeching Accent*) that Virtue, Honour, and Sincerity, were the only Requisites to make the Man possess'd of them deserving *Emanuella's* Favour! The Man who can prove himself (*return'd she*) possess'd of them, needs no other Qualification to a Woman capable of distinguishing what is truly meritorious. A great deal more of this kind of Conversation had doubtless pass'd between them, had they not been interrupted by another Set of Musick, who placed themselves under the Window for the same purpose the *Count* had done. *Emanuella*, willing to show the Deference she paid him, bad him Good-night, and immediately withdrew: *Berillia*, who had heard every Word that had pass'd, made her own Construction of it, and rejoiced that she had found something wherewith she might let the World know *Emanuella* was not without her Softnesses, as well as those she took the liberty of blaming.

BUT while she pass'd the time in a thousand ill-natur'd Contrivances how to dress up the Affair she had discover'd in the worst Colours, the Lovers were employ'd in Contemplations far different— *Emanuella*, who had been
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been extremely charm'd with the Person and Behaviour of her new Adorer, from the first time she saw him, was flattering herself with the Idea of a world of Satisfaction in the Proof of his Sincerity ; and he, on the other side, was no less transported, that she seem'd willing to be assured he really was what he pretended.

THE next day, at both Morning and Evening Prayers, she did not fail of seeing him ; where instead of paying her Devotions to Heaven, she was busied in receiving them herself from the enamour'd Count. At Night by Appointment she entertain'd him from her Window, and thus it continued for several Weeks ; he still seeming to encrease in the fervency of his Passion, and she in believing it—But while in these Sense-ensnaring Amusements she suffered her Soul to be employ'd, *Berillia* was not idle in reporting all she knew, and a thousand times more, to every one she was acquainted with ; and in a little time 'twas grown the common talk that *Emanuella*, the reserv'd discreet *Emanuella*, was fallen in Love with a young Gentleman who was a Stranger in *Madrid*, and from whom she could have no Assurance that he was not already married, or under Engagements, which in Honour she ought not to break through.

EMANUELLA, however, was so much respected by all that knew her, that no one would shock her Ears with any such Discourses ; till some of the Old and Grave having got notice of it, and fearing her Behaviour in this Point might serve as a Precedent to their own Daughters and Neices, made no Scruple

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to speak of this Affair to Don Jabin with a good deal of Severity ; and he to represent it to her as a very great Solecism in that Decorum she had hitherto so strictly preserved. She could not hear him without a sensible Alarm ; but alas ! she lov'd and was by this time too far enter'd into the fatal Maze, to be able to extricate herself ; there appeared a Prospect of too much Felicity in continuing her Conversation with the charming *Count*, for her to resign it for any of those dull Considerations he endeavour'd to inspire her with ; and besides all this, tho' she had a Wisdom far above her Years, she in this point and in many others also was apt a little too much to depend on her own Strength of Reason ; and the only Fault she was guilty of, was *Self-Will*.

THE Adventure being so publick, she thought she might now communicate it to *Berillia* ; little suspecting it was through her means it had first been talked of ; and that malicious and designing Creature, glad of this Opportunity to make her Conduct appear yet more blameable, sooth'd the Humour she was in, by all the Arts she was Mistress of ——— She talk'd continually of the *Count*, she praised his Shape, his Air, his Wit ; and whoever has known any thing of Love, will confess, how dangerous it is for a Person, entering into that State, to listen to such Discourses ; of an Object which already appears but too Amiable. *Emanuella* suck'd in the delicious Poison, and thought the deceitful Instiller of it her best of Friends : Why, said she, should you deprive your self of the Pleasure of conversing with the Man you Love, and

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who has the tenderest Regard for you, only to satisfy a busy Crowd, who only because they are themselves incapable of tasting those refin'd Delights which Love affords, would deny them to another——These sort of Arguments won the Fair deluded, intirely to resolve on holding a Correspondence with the Count: which *Berillia* perceiving, thought she might now act as she pleased; and aiming at her Ruin, took these Means to bring it about.

IT was no difficult matter to inform herself where the Count lodg'd; which as soon as she had done, she writ a little Billet to him, the Contents of which were in this manner:

To Count *EMILIUS*.

MY LORD,

THE Passion which *Donna Emanuella* regards you with, is not so much a Secret, but that I know, and pity it: I blame her not for loving a Gentleman of your Accomplishments; but I have too much Friendship for her, not to be angry that she confines herself to a Reserve which makes her so unhappy. I would very fain have you come to a more perfect Understanding of each other's Sentiments; and that you may do so, have contriv'd a way to bring you together, in spite of those dull Formalities which have hitherto kept you at a distance. Be at the Back-Gate, which opens into the little Parade, about the Hour of Twelve this Evening, and you shall be conducted to the Presence of your adored *Emanuella*, by her who would be a Friend to both,

BERILLIA.

P. S.

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P. S. I know not to what a height the Affectation of Discretion may transport Emanuella, if she should know I sent to you; and besides, it will be better taken, if the Contrivance appears wholly your own—Let this therefore be a Secret; be ready to attest what you shall hear me say—and you may be happy—Adieu.

WHETHER *Emillius* was really possess'd of all those Qualities which go to the making up a perfect Lover, the Reader will be able to determine, when his future Behaviour shall be related; but 'tis certain he had all the Assiduity, Impatience, Ardency of Desire of the most Passionate, and could not receive this Intelligence of a Friend so unexpected, and so capable of serving him, without an infinity of Transport—He watched the Hour, and went according to Appointment; where he had not waited a moment, before *Berillia* appeared to introduce him. He made her a thousand Compliments for the Favour she did him; to all which she made but short Answers, having other Matters in her Head—The Family not being all in Bed, she told him he must be content to divert himself in Contemplation, till she could find an Opportunity to get *Emanuella* into the Garden. He bow'd and obey'd, only intreated her to be as expeditious as possible, lest any body coming to walk, as the Sweetness of the Evening might probably invite some one or other, he should be discover'd: Which she assuring him she wou'd, and placing him in an Arbour where he was the least liable to be seen, left him to feast in Imagination

gination on the Pleasures he was shortly to enjoy in Reality.

S H E kept her Word, and he had waited but a very little Time before he perceiv'd her returning, and *Emanuella* with her: he restrain'd the Transports of his bounding Heart, and continued to conceal himself till he should receive his Cue from *Berillia*; and perceiving they were coming down the Walk which led to the Arbour he was in, stood close behind the shelter of some *Jessamin* and *Fillaree*, with which it was covered. As they came pretty near, he heard *Berillia* say to her fair Cousin, Why, my Dear, should you persist in this Severity to your self and him you love? Had you but heard with how much Tenderneſs—with how much Zeal—he pleaded for Admittance, and begg'd me to assist his Suit, the Suit of burning, raging, desperate, dying Love, you could not—nay, you ought not to have denied him. But since you have, answer'd *Emanuella* somewhat peevishly, why do you now upbraid me with it? Suppose I had not, would you have forgiven me? (*hastily resum'd the other.*) There is no need (*said she*) of asking what I would have done, since you have not put me to the tryal. Well then, (*cry'd Berillia, easily perceiving her Inclinations*) suppose I really, in pity of his Sufferings have ventur'd to admit him; suppose he is now in this very Garden full of impatient Wishes, and trembling with Desire to throw himself beneath your Feet; will you consent to pardon what I have done? *Emanuella*, whose Soul was full of disorder'd Emotions, scarcely suffered her to bring out these last Words before, And is he here? *she cry'd.* I will
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no longer hide it from you (*reply'd Berillia*) and whether you condemn, or thank my Conduct, cannot but take the part of a Passion which to me appears so truly meritorious.——But 'tis in his Words, those Words which contrary to the Laws of Friendship, wrought me to introduce him, that I must hope to be clear'd in your Opinion.——Appear! my Lord (*continued she, raising her Voice a little*) appear! and charm her to Forgiveness of us both. She had no sooner spoke this, than rushing from behind his leafy Screen, he threw himself at her Feet, embraced her Knees, warm'd her Hands with ten thousand burning Sighs, and missed no Art of soft, seducing Love, to melt her tender Soul, and make it all his own.

A S prodigious a share, as all who knew her acknowledged her to have of Wit, she saw not that these were common Arts, which those, least capable of Passion, make use of whenever excited, either by Interest, or Vanity; and that both these Inducements tended powerfully to draw an Attempt of this kind on her, she might have known, had she considered how much the Reputation of having a vast Fortune would gratify the one, and her well-known, and universally admired Perfections the other. But alas! not this Reflection, nor the Remembrance that a thousand times she had heard, from others unmov'd, the self-same things which now she listen'd to, had any power over her.——She lov'd——and lov'd in proportion to the Delicacy of her other Sentiments.——Her Notions were more refin'd——her Passion more elegant than those of other Women; and having been bred to
believe

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believe Sincerity one of the highest Virtues, she could not suspect a want of it in the Man she had so good an Opinion of; nor deviate from the Rules of it so far herself, as to affect an Anger she was far from being possess'd of—Her Words, her Looks, her every Action betray'd the Wishes of her Heart—confess'd her Transport—and told him that he could not sue in vain. *Berillia* was infinitely satisfied in the Observations she made, and that treacherous Creature receiv'd a thousand *publick* Testimonies of Gratitude from the one, and *private* ones from the other, which she was far from deserving.

THE amorous Pair stay'd not a long time together, lest any Accident should betray their Converse to Don *Jabim* or his Lady, whom *Emanuella* yet was very loth should know the Secret of her Inclinations—but the persuasive *Count* would not depart, without her Permission to return the next Night in the same manner as he had done this—nor would she have been well satisfied, had he appeared less pressing—And they took leave with less Regret than Lovers usually do, because they both assured themselves of a zealous Promoter of their common Happiness in the Friendship of *Berillia*.

MANY Nights pass'd over as this had done, and at last *Berillia* having brought things pretty near to the pitch she aim'd at, under pretence of waiting in the Garden to receive *Emilius*, would let in her own Lover (who neither being approv'd of by her Father, nor any of her Friends, she could see but by stealth) and when she found *Emanuella* and
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the *Count* were engag'd in a Conversation which a third Person might be spar'd, she constantly retir'd to another part of the Garden, and receiv'd the double Satisfaction of the Company of the Man she lov'd, and the Probability of undoing the Woman she hated. Not that any thing had yet pass'd between those two amiable Persons, but what was accountable to the strictest Virtue; yet the Passion she found them both possess'd of—— the Opportunities she allow'd them—— the continual Hints she gave the *Count*, not to let Modesty be his Enemy——and the Artifices she daily, almost hourly, made use of to melt *Emanuella's* Soul, and turn her all into Desire; gave her liberty (who knew Nature pretty well) to imagine an unguarded Minute might arrive, which might perfectly compleat her base Design, and reduce the envy'd Fair to a Condition both blameable and pitiable.

T H E Y were now arriv'd to such a height of Love confess'd, that the most binding Vows of everlasting Constancy had pass'd between them——*Emilius* often press'd that the Ceremony of the Church might put it past the power of even Fate it self to deprive him of the Blessing she had made him hope. But *Emanuella* would by no means consent, till the return of the Ships sent for that purpose should make her Mistress of that Wealth which was her Due. As she then was, she might have look'd on a Marriage with the *Count* as extreamly to her Interest; but as she expected to be, the Advantage was wholly on his Side: And among the other Niceties of her Passion, this was one, never to endure to be obliged to
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the Man she lov'd. Their mutual Vows however, and her firm Resolution to marry him as soon as this Affair was settled, gave, as it were, a Sanction to much greater Freedoms than otherwise he would have dar'd to have taken, or she would have permitted ; and at last, O how dangerous is it to transgress, even the least Bounds of that Reserve which is enjoined by Virtue for our Guard ! from one Liberty they ventur'd on another, till rapacious, greedy Love, too conscious of his Power, encroached on all, and nothing left for Honour.

DONNA *Berillia* had too much Experience in these Affairs, not to be perfectly sensible of what had happen'd, tho' *Emanuella's* Modesty, and perhaps already a secret Remorse, would not suffer her to make any one a Confidant in this Part of the Story ; and the mischievous Wretch having so much of her Wish compleated, began to study how she should bring about the remainder ; that of exposing the Dishonour her Insinuations had in a great measure help'd to occasion, and bring on her unhappy Cousin, the *Shame* and *Misery*, as well as *Guilt*, which waits on a too fond Belief.

FORTUNE seem'd to take pleasure in assisting her Malice ; and before she could find an Opportunity to execute any thing she had form'd, gave an unexpected Shock, which without her aid, would have made a Woman of *Emanuella's* Temper, unfortunate to the last degree ; and it was with an infinity of inward Torment she received the News that all those vast Possessions left her by her Father, and which had been so long detained by the
Baseness

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Baseness of *Don Pedro*, having been dispos'd of, and turn'd into ready Cash, and Bills for the Convenience of Exportation, by a sudden Storm were lost, and not above two or three of the Sailors escap'd to bring the fatal Tydings. So dreadful a Misfortune wou'd scarce have been supportable by most young Ladies; but *Emanuella* considered it in a deeper Sense than barely to be reduc'd from one of the *greatest* Fortunes to the *meanest*; she had never set any higher Value on Wealth, than as it might be serviceable to her Friends; and now, having one who was dearer to her than her Soul — one to whom she had made the greatest Condescensions, and one whose Estate she imagined was not very large, and whose Expectations wou'd be strangely disappointed in this Loss, made her regret it with an inconceivable Affliction. She had delay'd marrying him, 'till she was actually in possession of what she knew wou'd make him perfectly easy; and to be certain it never wou'd be in her power to make him any other Present than herself, gave her Agonies which not all her Fortitude could enable her to sustain with Patience. Had she been Empress of the World, *Emilius* should have shar'd that *Grandeur* with her; but she lov'd him with a Passion too refin'd, to be content he shou'd share with her an *abject* State of Life. Her Opinion had set him in so noble a Light, that she doubted not of his Love, Honour, or Generosity, and assur'd herself that it would be wholly her own fault if the Vows he had made her, were not authoriz'd by the Ceremony of the Church.

I

THE

58 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

THE Night after this distracting News was brought, she would not be persuaded to see the Count; and when *Berillia* ask'd her what she should say to him, she knew not what to answer. Confus'd, and wild, torn with a thousand different Anxieties, sometimes bid her reveal the fatal Secret. — Then, with the same Breath, recall'd that Order. — Tell him, I am undone, (*said she.*) Tell him, that cruel Fate, envious of the Blessings of his Love, has ravish'd me for ever from his Sight. — And presently after, No, no, (*resum'd she*) I will not have him know it yet. — I will have the Satisfaction of taking one dear Adieu, yet one more fond Embrace before we part for ever. — 'Tis possible my Grief may rise to that prodigious Height as to destroy me — and at once rid me of the Pain of Thought — of Memory — of curs'd Apprehension. *Berillia* all this while seem'd to endeavour to persuade her to Moderation, and entreated her not to shun his Presence; telling her, she was certain to lose her Sight would be an Affliction infinitely more inconsolable to him than that of her *Estate*: but the Arguments she made use of to convince her, she contriv'd shou'd appear too weak to be of any Efficacy, desiring nothing more than to be entrusted with a Message to him, which she resolv'd to deliver in a manner little conformable to that in which it should be given.

TWICE, or thrice, the perplex'd *Emanuella* sat herself down to write to her belov'd *Emilius*, and as oft lamented her Incapacity; the Emotions of her Soul were too violent to permit any Coherence in her Words. — And
after

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after a long debate within herself what would best become her Passion, and her Honour, desir'd *Berillia* to acquaint him with her Misfortune; and gave her leave to let him know she regretted such a Disappointment, only as she thought it rendred her more unworthy of him. *Berillia* rejoic'd beyond measure at this Opportunity of executing what she design'd; assur'd her she would do in every thing as she had commanded. — And by this means, said the cunning Ingrate, I shall make a Tryal of his Constancy: for if Men are by Nature so self-interested as they are reported, this Account I have to give him, will prove his noblest Sentiments. The Time for his Approach being arriv'd, broke off any farther Discourse; and she went into the Garden to receive him, leaving the half-distracted *Emanuella* almost drown'd in Tears.

THE impatient *Emilius* was waiting at the Gate, full of a thousand transporting Reflections on the past, and pleasing Expectations of coming Joys, when *Berillia* open'd it to him, and delaying to say any thing to him of what she had to reveal, 'till she had brought him into the Arbour, the happy Scene which had so lately blest him; she then began to accost him in this manner. My Lord, said she, I have a History to relate so little of a piece with those I have already given you of *Emanuella's* Sensibility of your Merits, that I know not if you will forgive me for relating it. *Emilius*, whose Passion was infinitely greater than what most of his Sex, especially after Enjoyment are possess'd of, cou'd not hear these Words, and miss *Emanuella* from the place she us'd to be always

I 2 ready

ready to receive him in, without an inexpressible Disorder ; which he could not presently overcome, enough to be able to ask what it was she meant. The artful Traytreß, observing his Surprize, encreas'd it, by speaking in this manner. — I see, my Lord, (*resum'd she*) you cannot hear any thing which offers at a discovery of *Emanuella's* Falshood, without the utmost Concern : Nor do I wonder at it, having been Witness of so many tender Protestations of an ardent Passion on both sides. You may think it strange, perhaps, that I, her Cousin, and her Friend, should tell you this — but what is there in my power to do, which may conceal an Inconstancy, which, tho' I should invent ten thousand Stratagems, in spite of me will show itself ? I might indeed have made some Excuse for her not seeing you this Night, which might have seem'd plausible enough ; but what cou'd I have said, which cou'd have beguil'd your Impatience in the succeeding ones ? — Since then 'tis what you must know, sooner or later, I thought it the more generous part to acquaint you with it early, and arm you for the Misfortune you will doubtless hear of in a little time from other Tongues than mine. The enamour'd *Count* felt his Heart sink in him all the time she had been speaking, and could hardly assume Spirit enough, when she had done, to entreat her to let him know, in few Words, the Accident that had befallen him. I will, my Lord ! *said she*, — but first let me deliver the Message I received from *Emanuella* : She bid me tell you, that having this day an Account of that Ship, in which her whole Fortune was trusted, being lost, she cannot think of marrying
any

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any Man, but one whose Estate can make up for the Deficiency of hers, and that yours cannot, she has been inform'd: Therefore there being a Necessity of breaking with you, thinks it improper to see you any more—
How (*interrupted the Count*) no more but so?
a Necessity of breaking with me—See me no more!

GOOD Heaven! is it possible she can so suddenly recede from that height of Passion she last Night profess'd, and all at once degenerate into Coldness and damn'd Indifference!—But you mistake her sure, and what is Over-Tenderness misconstrue Hate—You'll soon be able to judge whether I do not, (*resum'd Berillia, affecting an Air of Indignation*)—But I shall give my self no further trouble, but leave you to the Proof.—With these Words she turn'd away, and seem'd as tho' she would have gone out of the Arbour; which *Emillius* perceiving, and repenting of what he had said, catch'd hold of her by her Gown, Stay, Madam, stay, (*cry'd he:*) Pardon the Distraction of a Lover, and ease the Pains you've rais'd by adding more.—Confirm the fatal Truth; tell me again my *Emanuella's* lost—that she is unkind—indifferent—false—and kill me with the Sound. Forbid it Heaven (*resum'd she, softning her Voice and sitting down again*) that Love should have such Power over a Heart like yours—Rouze! rouze, my Lord! your Soul, exert the nobler Faculties, think of her Deceit, Hypocrisy, Perjury, and forget her Charms. Had she refused to marry you, thus fallen as she is from all her Hopes, it had been a generous Proof of Self-denial;
but

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but know 'tis all but feign'd, she imagines seeming to *shun*, she more engages your *Pursuit*, and expects to be press'd to what she wishes—and she will yield, depend upon it, if you insist on the Performance of the Contract. Sill, still, (*resum'd the impatient Count*) you speak in Riddles——But if ever Pity or Good-Nature sway'd your Soul, let me conjure you, Madam, to explain. I will (*said she*) but you shall swear first by every thing that's Holy, never to utter to *Emanuella* or any other Person what I am about to speak. I do (*cry'd he*) and may just Heaven renounce me when I break it. Know then (*pursued she*) that you have been deceiv'd, betray'd into a fictitious hope of marrying one who has been long since, if Vows have any power, another's Wife : My self was present at the Ceremony ; but the unhappy Man was driven from her Arms, e'er Consummation of their Loves. *Emanuella* has a Heart too sensible of the tender Passion, to be long without an Object to inspire it : in the short Interval you happen'd to address her, you know to what a Length her Acceptation of those Addresses has carried her——She veil'd indeed her looser Flame under a Promise of Marriage, which I have already told you was not in her power to make good : However it served for a Pretence, believing (according to the Mutability which is imputed to your Sex) you would be well enough satisfied to decline your Claim before the Return of the Ship——Her Expectations there being crost by your Constancy, and an Account she has lately receiv'd of the sudden Death of her Husband, and the Loss of her Fortune obliges her

to

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to act the artful Part, and seem to be averse to what is most her Interest to wish——But now my Lord! (*continued she with a well-counterfeited Concern*) I am arrived to the blackest Point of all her Character, and what indeed induced me to lay open all the rest——She has lately commenc'd a shameful Conversation with a Person whose Name I know not; but whom if you had ever seen, you would with me acknowledge the Depravity of her Taste——But not to grow tedious in a Relation which can afford you but little Satisfaction, she now, tho' not till now, designs to be your Wife, and only waits your protesting not to live without her, to engage her yielding to save you from Despair. Hell first shall seize her (*cry'd the Count, transported with the utmost Fury*) let her chuse a Fiend from thence, the fittest *Paramour*, and make the Wretch she has chose her Property. *Berillia* was in so much Rapture at the Success of her Project, that it was very hard for her to counterfeit any longer the Concern she had put on for the Baseness of so near a Relation; and therefore having afresh engag'd his Vows of Secrecy, told him a longer Stay might occasion Suspicion in *Emanuella*; and receiving a thousand Thanks from him for her friendly Caution, took her leave and went to *Emanuella* with the Story she had prepared for her.

SHE found that unhappy Lady in the Posture she had left her, extended on the Floor, in the most cruel Storm of agonizing Grief, and desperate Love; but it was not in the power of all her sufferings to turn the Heart of this more than *Barbarian*; and when she
saw

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saw her rise to meet her, and heard her, with an Accent which might have melted a Heart of Adamant, enquire how 'twas her dear *Emilius* look'd, what 'twas he said, and a thousand such Questions which her Tenderness suggested ; she sat for some Moments without making any Reply, and when she did, it was in this manner : I am infinitely troubled, my dear Cousin (*said Berillia*) that you employ'd me in this Errand ; I know not what to do, whether to relate the Truth, or amuse you with a Falshood be the most commendable : but summon all your Fortitude, arm your self with Courage to disdain the Baseness, the groveling Disposition of sordid, ungrateful Man. Oh Heaven (*cry'd Emanuella, ready to faint with Apprehension*) what means *Berillia*, what has *Emilius* done. All that can compleat a Villain, (*answered she*) a most consummate Villain !

T W I C E did the poor *Emanuella* swoon away, before *Berillia* explain'd her cruel Meaning ; but being eager to add to her Affliction, as soon as ever she was in a Condition to listen to what she said ; Cease, dearest Cousin (*cry'd she*) to mourn ; rather let generous Indignation fire your Breast, and arm you to disdain not only the perfidious *Count*, but the whole Race of Man———The cold, insensible, regardless Traytor, heard me with Tears recount your Grief, and speak what you endur'd in the Necessity of parting with him, with so unmov'd an Air, as tho' he were not Man, or were unskill'd in his Sex's Arts of Dissimulation. At last he said he pitied your Misfortune, 'twas very unhappy indeed for a young Lady to be without the means of keeping up the

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the Grandeur she was born to—but that you must study Patience—that doubtless a great many Ladies would be very willing to accept of you as a Companion—and he hoped you would not want—bid me give his Service—and tell you that he wish'd it were in his power to remedy your Misfortunes.— I had not Patience, but revenged the Contempt with all the Revilings that a Woman's Tongue, made keen by the most inveterate Malice, could utter; but he appeared as unconcern'd at this, as at any thing else I had said: and making towards the Door, would fain have left me to rail by my self: but I detain'd him for some time, on purpose to vent the Fury I was possess'd of: but at length he broke from me, and left me almost breathless with the Struggle. Here she stopp'd, expecting what *Emanuella* would reply; but what that Lady felt at so unexpected, so shocking a Relation, was too big for Words! silent, the stormy Passions rolled in her tortur'd Bosom, disdain- ing the mean Ease of raging or complaining— It was a considerable time before she utter'd the least Syllable; and when she did, she seem'd to start as from some dreadful Dream, and cry'd, It is enough—in knowing one, I know the whole deceiving Sex--Nor will I be a second time betray'd—I'll hide me for ever from their Arts, their soothing Flatteries, their subtle Insinuations—no more I'll hear, or see, or think of Man—The best is base—*Emilius*, *Emilius* whom I lov'd is base—Few Women but in such a Circumstance would have writ, and upbraided the cruel Destroyer of their Peace; but *Emanuella's* Soul disdain'd

66 *The Rash Resolve: or,*

those Testimonies of continued Weakness, which however bitter they may appear in the *Expression*, the *Meaning* still is *Love*; for the Indifferent give not themselves the Pains. It was of this Sort she now wish'd to be thought by *Emilius*, and this Disposition help'd *Berillia* to keep any Discovery how much she had injur'd him from her Ears.

BEING determined never to be seen in Publick more, she thought a monastick Life the safest and most convenient Retirement from the World; and communicating her Intentions to Don *Jabin*, and his Wife, (letting them know no other, than that it was the loss of her Fortune which had made her of this Mind) they seem'd to think it the most prudent Method she could use; and the very next Day, without any other Consideration than the flying from a World in which she believ'd it an Impossibility ever to be happy, went into a Nunnery of *Pourclairs*, making choice of that Order as being the severest; resolving to punish her easy Belief, and the Condescension she had made to *Emilius*, in as rigid a manner as was possible. He, who after he had left *Berillia*, and began deliberately to weigh what had been told him, found it very difficult to believe it; and tho' he could not imagine for what Reason that young Lady, who had so much befriended him in the beginning of his Amour, should invent Stories so much to the prejudice of a Relation who lov'd her, only to break off a Correspondence with him; yet he was sometimes about to write to *Emanuella* in such a manner, as without Breach of the Vow he had made to *Berillia*, would have given him some
light

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light into the Truth : But the Consideration, that if she was not guilty in the manner she was accused, yet that the Ship in which her Effects were, was lost, was past all doubt ; and that to a young Nobleman, full of Ambition, and the Love of Grandeur, was sufficient to abate the Vigour of his other Passion : Beside, he had already enjoy'd her ; and where is the Man who dies for a repeated Possession ?—He therefore forbore to examine any farther into the Truth of the Affair ; and tho' he had some melancholy Reflection for a while, yet the natural Gaiety of his Humour diverted them from doing him any great Prejudice.

THE malicious *Berillia* triumph'd in having remov'd a Person whose superior Graces rendred hers unobservable, and revell'd in the continued Possession of the Man she lov'd without danger of Reproof. *Emanuella* was the only unhappy Person ; and it was neither in the power of Time, Absence, Philosophy, or Religion, to obliterate the Memory of *Emilius*, or assuage her Sorrows.

The End of the First Part.



light into the Church: From the Constitution
that the was necessary in the manner of the
the ship in which her Effects
was lost, was put all aboard: and that in a
Nobleman, and in a Merchant, and the
of Cambridge was sufficient to show the
of his own Passion: He had ac-
ready enjoy a better and wiser in the Man who
for a repeated Possession: The Church
to examine any further into the Truth
of the Affairs: and the he had some reason
chiefly Reflection: the a while, yet the natural
of his own mind directed them from do-
ing him any great Reflection: and he
The malicious Gossip, triumph'd in his
ing removed: Person whose Superior Graces
rendered him noble, and travel'd in the
commanded Possession of the Man the good
without danger of Reproach: He was
the only unhappy Person; and it was neither
the power of Time, Advice, Philosophy
or Religion, to overcome the Ministry of their
the, or change her views.

The End of the First Part.



THE
RASH RESOLVE:
 OR,
The Untimely Discovery.

PART II.

THE Passion which the Count had profess'd for *Emanuella*, was too sincere to be easily thrown off; and tho' in his Circumstances, it was wholly improper he should marry without a Fortune; yet he could not resolve to quit her without the utmost Reluctance——The first Storm of Indignation which the malicious *Berillia* had raised in his Soul, was no sooner over, than a great part of his former Tenderness return'd. He consider'd that what he had heard was so inconsistent with her

Cha-

70 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

Character, and with her Behaviour ; that had it come from the Mouth of any other Person, it would not have found the least room in his Belief. Nor could he even from her set it down for Truth, in spite of the Improbability there appeared, that she should have any Design in deceiving him into an ill Opinion of a Woman, whom he knew she had Reason to esteem——This Division in his Thoughts, made him for some days sufficiently disquieted. Nor was he a little amaz'd, and alarm'd, when he was told that she was retir'd into a *Monastery*——This Proceeding, he thought vastly incongruous with the Account *Berillia* had given him of her Humour ; and he was at the greatest loss in the World what Judgment to form——Fain would he have writ——fain would he have made her a Visit at the Grate of the *Pourclairs* ; but the Promise her Cousin had exacted from him, deferr'd him on the one side ; and on the other, the Reflection that, in case she should be found Innocent, he should be obliged to renew those Pretensions, which, as she now was, were no way conformable to his Ambition——However, he could not restrain his Inclinations, which were yet very tender to her, and, perhaps, might in time have weigh'd down *Interest*, if a Chance had not happened in his Affairs, which turn'd the Ballance, and prov'd how little Dependance there is on Man, when *Love* and *Gratitude* are the only Motives to engage his Constancy.

HE was one Morning in his Bed full of uneasy and perplex'd Meditations, when his Servant brought him a Letter, in which he found these Lines :

To

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To Count *EMILIUS*.

THAT you have wronged me in the most tender Part, I make no more doubt of, than that you are a Man of Honour enough to endeavour a Defence of what you have done. I desire therefore that you will meet me an Hour hence in the Field of St. Cruzada, either to repair the Injuries you have done me by your Life, or by depriving me of mine, put an end to the just Resentment of

OCTAVIO.

THE Surprize with which *Emilius* read this Challenge, was proportionable to the Occasion. He could not imagine for which of his Actions he should be call'd to account by a Gentleman whom he had scarce any knowledge of; whom he had not seen above two or three times, and whom he never had any particular Conversation with: But be-
thinking himself what a Man of Honour ought to do in such a Case, he ask'd if the Person who brought the Letter waited for an Answer; and being told that he did, he call'd for Pen and Ink, and immediately return'd one in this manner:

To Don *OCTAVIO.*

I Should be very sorry to be guilty of an Injury to any one, and am certain it is as distant from my Power as Inclination, to have done any thing to you which cou'd justly occasion a Summons of the nature I have received: But since I am accus'd of it, am ready

72 *The Rash Resolve : or,*

dy to give you such Satisfaction as becomes a Gentleman, and to that end will attend you at the Time and Place appointed ; being no less desirous to know the Reason which has made you my Enemy, than you are to declare yourself one to

EMILIUS.

H E had no sooner dispatch'd this, than he rose, and making what haste he could to dress, was in the Field little later than his Antagonist ; whom, as he came near, he found had his Sword ready drawn, which oblig'd him to put himself also in a Posture of Defence : But being unwilling to fight, without knowing for what Cause — You see, *Don Octavio ! said he, I have obey'd your Summons ; but as I am yet unacquainted with the Motive which induc'd you to send it, I desire you will be just enough to inform me, before we engage. You feign an Ignorance (interrupted the other fiercely) 'tis impossible you should not know, that Rivalship in Love is what the Spanish Honour cannot brook. — Were the adorable Julia less worthy of my Passion, the long Addresses I have made to her would scorn to yield to any new Pretender —* therefore, defend the Wrong you have had the Boldness to attempt, or tamely fall the unworthy Victim of impatient Jealousy.

THESE Words, and the Name of *Julia*, so much surpriz'd the *Count*, that he could neither answer them immediately, nor recollect himself enough to parry the Thrust with which they were accompany'd, and he receiv'd a slight Wound in the Arm, and was very near suffering a second, in a place, perhaps, more dangerous,

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rous, before he had regain'd Presence enough of Mind to avoid it. But as his Surprize vanish'd, Indignation kindled in his Soul, and he soon let the other know it was not Fear which had rendered him thus long unactive; the Smart of the Wound rais'd him to an equal Fury, and he forbore endeavouring to convince the rash *Octavio* of his Mistake, till he had punish'd his Unadvisedness. Being an excellent Master of his Sword, he not only return'd doubly the Wound he had receiv'd, but by disarming him, rendered him incapable of giving more; but his Rage diminishing with his Adversary's Power, he generously return'd his Weapon, desiring still they might be Friends, and that he would explain what 'twas he meant by Rivalship, and *Julia*; assuring him, that he had no design on any Lady of that Name. *Octavio*, tho' he had too much Honour to renew the Combat with a Person in whose power it so lately had been to have taken his Life, gave him a Look which sufficiently demonstrated the continued Rancour of his Heart, and only telling him, that he knew *Julia* too well to believe she cou'd love a Man without being first belov'd by him, flung suddenly away, leaving *Emilius* in a much greater Consternation, than his Behaviour had put him in before. He cou'd by no means comprehend the meaning of this Adventure, nor from what Source the Jealousy of *Octavio* had sprung. He had heard much Talk of a Lady call'd *Julia*; but he had never seen her, nor was he certain it was for her sake all this had happened: but from that Moment he conceived a secret Wish, that he were indeed happy enough to be in that Lady's favour, whom he had heard spoke of as

74 *The Rash Resolv'd: or,*

one of the greatest Fortunes in *Madrid*, and a celebrated Beauty. The bare Conjecture that there was a possibility, that she might have seen and liked him, went a great way towards the expelling his Passion for a Woman he had already enjoy'd, and who now no longer had it in her power to conduce to the Gratification of his Ambition.—He spent that whole Day in Enquiries what sort of a Woman this *Julia* was, how large her Fortune, and who they were that had made Pretensions to her; and from all hands receiv'd such Accounts, as fill'd him with ardent Longings, that *Octavio's* Jealousy might have something more in it than an imaginary Cause. He was told by some, who seem'd to know a good deal of her Affairs, that, that Gentleman had for a long time profess'd himself her Lover, but had of late been deny'd the privilege of visiting her, tho' for what reason, was yet a Secret; and these Tidings half confirm'd the pleas'd *Emilius*, that he was more blest than he cou'd have imagin'd.

BUT, as to inform himself as much as possible of the Truth of this Affair, took up the Day, the Night was employ'd in Contrivances how to make the best Advantage of what had been told. He had found out where she liv'd, and also that being an Orphan, the Riches she was possess'd of were entirely at her own Dispose; and nothing he thought now remained for him to do, but to form some pretty Stratagem, whereby he might become acquainted with her, without appearing guilty of a Boldness which might forfeit all the Kindness she had for him. Few Men had been more fortunate in Inventions of this nature than himself; and 'tis scarce to be

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be doubted, but that he would soon have found one plausible enough for his purpose, if he had not been spar'd the pains, by receiving in the Morning a Billet of a far different kind than that which had been brought him the Day before. The Contents of it were these.

To Count *EMILIUS*.

SINCE we are taught, that of two Evils 'tis best to chuse the least; to avoid being guilty of Ingratitude, I am oblig'd to break through the Decorum of my Sex, by writing to a Gentleman, to whom, I believe, I am altogether a Stranger.

For the Wound you have received on my account, I can do no less in Honour than apply a Balsam; to which end, I send you the most experienc'd Artist in this Kingdom: And if the Punishment of the Offender may be any Reparation for the Offence, give you my solemn Promise the rash Octavio shall dearly repent his Insolence, if I have any of that Power over him he pretends.

And tho' such an Invitation may be thought too great a Freedom, I shall be glad to make you sensible by Word of Mouth, as soon as you are in a Condition to come abroad, how much I regret the Injury has been done you. If a Person, so little qualified to merit your Conversation, has hitherto escap'd your Notice, the Messenger, who brings this, can inform you where you may know more of the Sentiments of

JULIA.

AFTER having mention'd the Inquietudes he was in, to find a proper Method to introduce himself to this Lady, 'twould be need-

less to express the Pleasure this Letter gave him. He commanded that the Person who brought it shou'd be shew'd up into his Chamber, and finding he appear'd like a Gentleman, used him in the most handsome manner imaginable. The other soon inform'd him, that he was a Surgeon, and that he was order'd by Donna *Julia de Venelli* to attend him with all possible diligence 'till his Wound was cur'd. And tho' the Count assur'd him it was but a Scratch, and unworthy his Regard, yet he wou'd needs apply a Plaister to it; and pulling out of his Pocket a Scarf made of Silver Gause, and curiously embroider'd with Crimson and Green, and a Locket to fasten it together, which had a Cypher in it with the Letters of her Name set round with Diamonds of a very great Value, told him, she had sent him that to bind his Arm. — A Man of less Gallantry, and less Inclination to be well in the Esteem of such a Lady as Donna *Julia*, would scarce have refus'd so obliging a Present; and it is easy to imagine, that he suffer'd it to be put on with a Pleasure suitable to the Favour of the Sender. He intreated him to stay, and order'd a genteel Morning-Repast to be got ready, while he withdrew to his Closet to answer the welcome *Billet*, which he did in these Words.

To the most Excellent Donna

Julia de Venelli.

AHURT so trifling as that which I received from the Hand of Don Octavio requir'd not a Balsam of that Divine Nature your Goodness has bestow'd.

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bestow'd. — You rather, Madam! should have reserv'd your Pity for those Wounds the Fame of your Accomplishments has already made but too deep, and which (I had almost said I fear) your Eyes will render incurable, but by Death, or a Condescension, such as 'twou'd be the utmost Vanity to hope — But whatever Destiny you inflict, cannot but be glorious; and certainly, the next Blessing to the Heaven of living in your Favour, would be dying in the Pursuit of it.

I wear, most angelick of your Sex! the justest Sense of your unmerited Favours at my Heart, and your admirable Scarf on my Arm; which tho' it infuses not Pains of the same nature as those of Hercules's Shirt, will differ but little in their Consequence, if ever you should discontinue to allow me the Effects of that Infinity of Mercy you seem at present posselt of, and refuse me the Privilege of avowing that I am

The Divine JULIA'S

Everlasting Slave,

EMILIUS.

P. S.

If the Sword of Octavio had emptied my Veins of the best part of their Blood, that Tide of Ecstasy you have inspired me with, would fill them up again, and give a nobler Life, and added Vigour, to bear me to your Feet with humblest Gratitude and sublimest Joys. — Delay then my impatient Wishes no longer, this day permit me to offer up my Soul, an Oblation worthy of your Acceptation, no otherwise than by its Sincerity.

THE

THE Surgeon, who easily guess'd at the Lady's meaning who had sent him, went away perfectly pleased that he should be able to give her an Account of *Emilius's* Behaviour, which he knew would be so much to her Satisfaction. And the *Count* extremely lifted up at this unexpected Turn of good Fortune, forgot every thing in the Contemplation of the Advantages he should enjoy in marrying a Woman of Donna *Julia's* Quality and Estate; which that it was in his power to do, he might very well suppose, when she had made him such Advances. It is not to be doubted but that he took all possible Care in the dressing himself that day, to secure the Conquest he had gain'd; and having no Orders to make a Secret of his Visit to her, he went in his Chariot attended by two running Footmen, and four others all in rich Liveries — But alas! there needed not all this Pomp to engage the already enamour'd *Julia*: She had for a long time been the Slave of Love; she ador'd the charming *Count* from the first Moment she beheld him, which happen'd to be at Church soon after his Arrival; and after many fruitless Endeavours to become acquainted with him, and hearing of his Engagements with *Emanuella*, she fell into a Melancholy, which had like to have cost her her Life — Don *Octavio* had made his Addresses to her for many Months, and at first flatter'd himself with hopes of Success; but perceiving a sudden Alteration in her Humour, immediately imagined it to proceed from the Love of some other Person: and not able to discover any thing of the Truth, he at last found means by bribing a Priest (for what will not

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not Gold influence the Minds of some People to!) to get into the Confessional Chair at the time when she was to come to confess; and by telling her that her Melancholy, if not caused by some spiritual Remorse for any Faults she might have been guilty of, was sinful; and if she did not disburthen herself to her ghostly Father, and endeavour by Works of Penance to merit Absolution, her Case was more desperate than she was aware of; frighted her so, being naturally pretty much bigotted to the Religion she had been educated in, that she presently confess'd she was in Love. With whom? (cry'd out the pretended Father) for if it be a Person worthy of you, I will undertake to make you happy with him. To which again she as innocently as before answer'd, *Emilius*, a Roman Count lately arriv'd at *Madrid*—She had said more, but the Lover could no longer counterfeit the Priest; he threw off his Disguise, and showing himself to be *Octavio*, upbraided her Ingratitude and Falshood, as he term'd it, and vow'd Revenge on his happy Rival—It was in vain she endeavour'd to deter him, by threatening him with those Penalties the Law inflicts on all who dare to prophane the Sacrament of Confession in the manner he had done. His Rage was deaf to all Considerations, either of himself, or the Priest who had assisted him in this Stratagem; and he left her in the Church, to ruminate on what had happen'd, while he went and prepared a Challenge for *Emilius*, as has been before related—It is not to be supposed but she had Spies to observe his Motions; but they were either too careless of the Injunction laid on them, or too late to prevent him

him from fighting with the Count: But they brought her Intelligence of all that had happen'd; and since there was no Mischief on either Side, she was not a little contented that she had so good a Pretence to write to *Emilius*. Nor after she had received his Answer, can we imagine she was less diligent in making herself appear as amiable as possible, than he had been. Not only her own Person, but her House and Servants were all set forth to the best Advantage, and every thing seem'd so rich, so fine, so neat, that by the care that was used in making it so, the expected Guest might easily perceive how welcome a one he was.

THE mutual Desire each had to please the other, very much heighten'd the Graces of them both——*Julia* had a Face and Shape to which *Nature* had been so extreamly indulgent, that she stood but little in need of any Aids from Art: but having had Recourse to all that even the most curious had invented, joined to the Pleasure which sparkled in her Eyes, at sight of an Object she had so long and so ardently languish'd to behold; her Beauty appeared with such an Illustration, as requir'd a Heart better fortified with Constancy than was that of *Emilius* to withstand its Charms. And tho' as handsome as she was, she was by many degrees far less attractive than the abandon'd *Emanuella*; yet he imagined her infinitely more so——O the Enchantments of Novelty, the Delights there are in having something to subdue——the pleasing Fears——the sweet Hopes, the tender Anxieties——the thousand nameless, soft Perplexities which

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fill the roving Soul of Man when in pursuit of a new Conquest ; but *after Possession* are no more remembred——Then *cold Civility* succeeds *tumultuous Transport*——When *present*, forc'd *Compliments* supply the place of *Ardor* ; when *absent*, curs'd *Indifference* that of *impatient Longings*——and dull insipid *Gratitude* is all the *yielding Fair* can hope for, even from the best of Men. *Emilius* now thought he had never seen any thing so lovely as *Julia*, and immediately became possess'd with as much real *Passion* for her, as a Heart could be, so liable to *Mutability* as his was. Love and Wit inspir'd him with a thousand engaging Softnesses, which she, eager to credit what she wish'd, believ'd ; and tho' she had heard a vast deal of his Pretensions to *Emanuella*, she now imagined him so entirely her own, that it never would be in the power of any other Face to make the least Alteration in his Sentiments to her disadvantage——She lov'd with too sincere and passionate a Flame to be able to disguise it ; and what she confess'd not in Words, her Eyes sufficiently inform'd him, and he reaped all the Satisfaction he could hope from this first Visit——He had her Leave to declare himself her Servant——She promised to discharge all others that pretended to that Title——and let him know enough of her Inclinations to sooth Imagination with a belief she would in a short time be brought to yield to all he wish'd——Resolving by his Assiduity to render himself worthy of the Favours he had receiv'd, he waited on her every day, and they were scarce ever asunder but in those Hours which Decency required.

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T H E R E was nothing of this Affair a Secret ; the Jealousy of *Octavio*, the publick Visits of *Emilius*, and the undiffembled Condescensions of the Lady, engross'd the whole Discourse of the Town. But what became of *Emanuella* when she heard this News, to whom the ill-natur'd *Berillia* immediately convey'd it in the worst and most distracting Description her Malice could invent ! She doubted not of his Coldness and Ingratitude before, by the implicit Faith she put in that Wretch who had so cruelly betray'd her ; but now to be told, to be assur'd, with a Million of aggravating Circumstances, that he prefer'd to another all those Soul-attracting Protestations by which she had been deceiv'd — to know another was in possession of all those Tendernesses — those soft Endearments — those transporting Fondnesses that once she thought were her's for ever, gave her Agonies too terrible to be conceiv'd but by those who have felt the same : Yet, in spite of all she endur'd, she still maintain'd her Resolution, of never seeing or writing to him more, firm and unshaken ; and the more she heard of his Perfidiousness, the more she thought it beneath her to take notice of it.

BUT while she was indulging her Despair for the many Misfortunes which had already befallen her, Don *Jabin*, and his Lady, who were extremely sincere in their Professions of Friendship to her, were labouring all they could for her Service. They had a very great Interest with the Chief of the Nobility, and were so industrious in exerting it, that the Case of this distress'd Lady being represented to his Majesty's Consideration in terms the
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most prevailing, engag'd him to command that Don *Pedro*, who was yet at *Madrid*, should out of his own Estate make up some Part of the Losses she had sustained; which tho' hapning by the uncertainty of the Sea, were primarily occasioned by him, in refusing to bring over her Effects in a more favourable Season. The avaricious old Monster had no way to avoid this Decree; and the Grief of being obliged to obey it, together with the Stings he felt in his Conscience for the many Crimes he had been guilty of, threw him a second time into a fit of raging Madness, of which in a few Weeks he died unpitied by the whole World. The Provision which by the King's Order he had made for *Emathuella*, gave her kind Relations hope, that they should have her among them again, and they omitted no Persuasions that she would quit that austere Life, and return to the World again; but she had Grievs which were not in the Compass of their power to remedy, she could not endure to think of living where there was the least Probability of seeing the false *Emilius*; and all that was said to move her to the contrary, was no more than throwing Water against the Wind. Don *Jabin* and his Wife were both of them extreamly troubled, that all they had done for her was ineffectual to restore her to her former Chearfulness; but perceiving that their Endeavours to dissuade her from a monastick Life, serv'd only to increase her Obstinacy of persisting in it; they at length gave her over, not without a Belief that the Severities of that Order she had an Intention to embrace, would oblige her to change her

Mind long before her Year of Probation was expired ; and that she would in a little time be as impatient to quit the Convent, as now she appeared at being persuaded to it.

THESE good People were not deceived in their Conjectures ; they soon saw the Effect they guessed, though longer ignorant of the Cause.—In a much less space of time than they imagined, *Emanuella* indeed wish'd herself in any Place, rather than that in which she was ; but the Motive which induc'd her to that Desire, nay, inforc'd her to a Necessity of it, was of a nature so shocking, so terrible to be born, that it requires a Pen infinitely more skill'd in Description than mine, to represent a Condition of so consummate a Misery.

IT was not many Weeks since she had been among the *Pourclairs*, and in that time had not so much as once thought of the Consequence, which in all probability might attend the guilty Condescensions her Excess of Passion had yielded to *Emilius* : But now the Hour was come which was to make her know, that all she had endur'd from the Cruelty of Don *Pedro*—from the Loss of her Fortune—from the Ingratitude and Falshood of the Man she lov'd, were trifling Woes in competition with those in store for her—She found she was now destined to go through all that can be conceived of Shame—of Misery—of Horror—in fine, she found herself with Child ! —with Child without a Husband ! —with Child by a Man who she had heard from all hands was going to be married to another ! —and what was yet worse, by a Man whom she accounted the

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the vilest, and most perfidious of his Sex! — What Words—nay, what Imagination can paint out her Distress as it deserves! — She was infinitely more wretched than any other Woman would have been in the like Circumstances, by the Addition of a superior Understanding—and the Greatness of her Spirit, and that Fortitude which had so well enabled her to bear all other Misfortunes, serv'd here but to increase the Misery of her Condition, and prevent her from stooping to those Measures by which she alone could hope to secure her Reputation, and screen what had happen'd from the Knowledge of a censorious and unpitying World. Had she now written to the *Count*, there was a Possibility, that in spite of his new Passion for *Donna Julia*, all might have been well; his former Tenderness on the Eclaircissement of her Innocence, and the Treachery of *Berillia*, might, perhaps, have return'd: Or if not so, which indeed after Enjoyment could not be much expected; yet Honour and Gratitude would at least have oblig'd him to protect and support her in those Miseries, to which her Love for him had reduc'd her: But this was an Expedient she could not bear even to think on; and as often as it came into her mind, she would reject it with all the Contempt imaginable——What (*said she*) shall I descend to ask a Favour from the Man to whom I owe my Ruin? — Shall I, forgetful of my Wrongs, submit to be oblig'd to that cursed Villain? — that insolent Disdainer of my Truth and Tenderness? No, rather let me suffer all the Plagues that Heaven can inflict, or Flesh endure——Let me be driven to Want, to Beggary

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gary—exposed to publick Infamy, the Sport of every Slave—or tarrying here, be buried quick—it will be a less Shock—less Horror than an Obligation to that intolerable Fiend!—the hated, loath'd *Emilius*! Thus did the Haughtiness of her Soul, and fatal Consciousness, how little she had deserved the Treatment she had found, suggest. Nor was her *Resentment* less pernicious to her than her *Modesty*; for as the one prevented her from making any Discovery to the *Count*, so did the other also deprive her of the Power of uttering the least Hint of this Affair to Don *Jabin* or his Lady. *Berillia* was the only Person to whom she could persuade her self to reveal it: but Heaven had by this time began to inflict on that false Creature some part of the Punishments her base Actions merited; her criminal Amour had by some means come to her Father's knowledge, and he had sent her under the care of an old Servant into the Country, far from *Madrid*, and the Conversation of her Lover; tho' had she been in the way of being intrusted, 'tis little probable she would have been of any service: But *Emanuella*, who suspected not her Perfidy, received a considerable Addition to her Sorrows, by being told she was gone. Pity is a prodigious Alleviator of Affliction, the most violent Grief finds some Ease in complaining; but when our Woes are of a nature, as will not admit revealing, they prey on our very Vitals, and waste the Spirits with unintermitting Anguish, and seldom fail of bringing on Death or Distraction. Nothing was ever more deserving wonder, than that this wretched Lady did not lay violent hands on her own Life: but

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tho' she wish'd to die, she forbore being guilty of that Act of Horror: Whenever the Confusion of her Thoughts permitted her the power of Consideration, she would begin to cast about what Course to take; but then the Impossibility there seem'd of her being able to find any, whereby she might conceal her Shame, plunged her afresh into Disorders, which at some times were very little different from Madness. The Cruelties she inflicted on herself in private, such as tearing her Hair, and Flesh, fasting, passing whole Nights together on the Floor; and instead of Rest, giving her self wholly up to the bitter Anguish, would be too tedious, and too melancholy an Account: how terribly she was abandon'd to Despair; and how little she regarded what might befall her, is evident, when the Effects of her now dearly repented Passion, began to grow too great for Concealment. Taking the Opportunity of the Nunnery being on some Occasion open, she went out in the Habit she was in, without having taken any thought where to go, or to whom she should apply; it was pretty late in the Evening, and the dusk favour'd her from being taken any notice of; till coming into a great Street where were many Passengers, the sight of them at a distance gave her so much of Thought, as to be apprehensive of being seen, and known; the Cathedral Church therefore of *our Lady* being near, she stepped into the *Porch*, and sitting down in a corner of it, by that means conceal'd herself from the Observation of any body: But what avail'd it, that when the Darkness coming on, the Streets were intirely free; she could direct her Steps to no Place

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Place, but where either Shame, or the height of her Spirit would not suffer her to go : yet still keeping up her Resolution, that whatever became of her, and whatever should be the Consequence of her wandering, she never would consent to receive the smallest Shelter or Protection from the ungrateful *Emilius* ; she left her Covert, and began her Journey, tho' she was insensible, and wholly incapable of designing any thing : Chance therefore it was which guided her to that part of the Town which led into the great Road to a Village called *Aine* : The Knowledge where she now was, for being unaccustomed to walk, made her but little acquainted with the Streets, gave her a kind of a fullen Satisfaction ; she car'd not whither she went, so she was out of *Madrid*, and the force of that Desire, strengthen'd her to get a good way from it, before she found herself incapable of going farther : But at last, Weariness and Faintness got the better of Inclination ; she could no longer pursue her Pilgrimage, and was constrained to lie down to take such Rest as she could in the Highway—To add to her present Hardship, which considering the Condition she was in, was such as no Woman, but herself, perhaps, ever sustained with Life ; it began to rain so excessively, that in a very few Minutes she was wet to the Skin ; the Shower was succeeded by a Storm of Wind, and such dreadful Claps of Thunder, as might have struck the most courageous Heart with Dread——But not all the Horrors of this Hurricane, made more terrible by the darkness of the Night, and the forlorn Silence of the Place——Not all she endured

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dur'd from its Fury, had the power to make her recede from that Resolution she had form'd, or wish for Shelter from *Emilius*. But in the midst of this dismal Scene, Fortune seem'd to offer her a Gleam of Comfort, as she was lying, her tender Limbs exposed to all the Rage of the unpleasing Elements, and pouring forth Tears almost as fast as the Sky did Rain; she perceiv'd, when she least expected it, a Light which seem'd to be in a House not far off. She had so much of Self-Preservation left, as to endeavour to make up to it, which with much ado, numb'd and faint as she was, she did at last; she found it as she wish'd, a little Cottage, for had it been any other, she would rather have continued as she was, than gone to ask Relief where there was a Probability of being known. The poor good Woman of it, who was sitting up tending a sick Child, receiv'd her with as much Hospitality as the Place and her Circumstances would afford: She pluck'd off her wet Clothes, and gave her a Gown of her own to put on, made a Fire and brought her the best Refreshments she had.—But alas! the discontented *Emanuella* was little capable of tasting any; which her kind Hostess perceiving, and guessing by her Garb and Mein that she was a Person little accustomed to such Hardships, intreated to know what had occasioned her travelling alone on foot, and at such a dreadful Hour and Season. This Enquiry threw her unhappy Guest into such Returns of over-pressing Grief, that it was a long time before she could make any Answer; but when she had enough recovered herself to do it, she told her the truth of her having made her

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Escape from the *Monastery*, only concealing the Reasons why she did so, and her Name : But the Woman having had many Children herself, suspected the former, and pitied her extreamly ; she would fain have persuaded her to go to Bed, but the other would not consent ; and only throwing herself cross it, she pass'd the remainder of the Night in most bitter Lamentations. When Morning came, she begg'd that she might have those Clothes which had been lent her, believing it might serve as a sufficient Disguise, if by any Accident she should be seen by any that knew her ; and told the Woman, she should not only have hers in Exchange,, but some Money to boot.—To which the other willingly consented, not only because of her own Profit, but also that believing she was about to prosecute a Journey in which she might be pursued, they might be of service to her. Our unfortunate Traveller felt as much Pleasure at this Opportunity of transmuting herself, as was consistent with her Condition ; and designing to go yet farther from *Madrid*, took her Leave. The extream Dirt of the Road made it impossible for her Feet, unused to tread such Ground, to bear her as fast as her Desires would have carried her ; but in spite of all she still went on, and without making any stop either to eat or drink, till that Day was almost spent. Evening coming on, she went into an *Inn*, believing now she was far enough from Discovery——Nature beginning to accuse her that she had acted an inhuman Part to the unborn Innocent within her, who bore its share in all the Hardships she endured ; she order'd something to

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be got ready for her to eat, of which having taken as much as her distracted Thoughts would give her leave to do, she went to Bed, and endeavour'd to compose herself.——The extream Weakness she was in, overcoming all those Perturbations which had so long kept her waking, she fell into a sound Sleep, and in the Morning found her Mind as well as Body had been very much refresh'd by it.—She began to consider seriously what it was best for her to do; and that natural Vivacity and Spirit, which had already carried her through so many Difficulties, now by degrees returning, gave her hopes she should also get through this, with less Trouble than her Despair had at first suggested——and resolving to run no farther into Inconveniencies, such as she had pass'd in that little Time since she had left the *Monastery*; she hir'd a couple of *Mules* and a Guide to conduct her to the next *Town*, which she was inform'd was *Alcala*: From that she design'd for *Guadalaxara*, because she thought the other not so far distant from *Madrid*, but that *Don Jabin*, to whom there was a Necessity she must send for Money, might send some Person to know the Reasons of her coming away in so strange a manner.—Reason having now regain'd its force, she no sooner had formed this Design, than she began to put it in execution; and the People of the House furnishing her with *Mules* and a Guide, she got safely to *Alcala*, and from thence to *Guadalaxara*, without any thing happening in her Journey worthy of Remark; unless it were that she, who but a day or two before had so wholly given herself up to Despair, that she

seem'd to dare all kind of Miseries, now appeared as careful of her Life, as before she had been the contrary: But this will not be thought strange by any one, who considers how impossible it is for the Excess of any Passion to continue; a weak Constitution, accompanied by a mean Judgment, it immediately destroys, and Death or Madness is the Consequence, as it happened in the Case of Don Pedro. But *Emanuella* had a more than ordinary Strength as well of Nature, as of Reason, to struggle with the Torrent of her, for a time, impetuous Grief; which at last enabled her to overcome it, at least so far as 'twas requisite for Self-Preservation, of which for a time she had seem'd wholly regardless.

WHEN she was arrived at *Guadalaxara*, she took Lodgings in a private House; pretending that she had a Husband whom she expected to follow her in a little time: and to prevent all possibility of a Discovery, told the People her Name was *Mercina*. She took the same prudent Care also in the Directions she sent to Don *Jabin*, writing to him in this manner:

To Don J A B I N.

THE many Proofs I have received of your Friendship, would oblige me to conceal nothing from you, were there no other Person but my self concerned——I entreat, therefore, that you will believe I made a Secret of leaving the *Pourclairs* not out of Choice, but Necessity; and as such, vouchsafe to pardon it.—My Affairs requiring an immediate Supply of Money, I beg you will remit in
Bills

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Bills to the value of about two Hundred Crowns, and direct them to be receiv'd by Donna Mercina, at Guadalaxara, near which place I am; that Lady is my particular Friend, and will not fail to do me Justice in the Trust I repose in her—I desire also that you will write under a Cover to her, an Account of yours and your good Family's Welfare, for which I shall ever most ardently petition Heaven; being (however my present Circumstances may oblige me to appear the contrary) in the sincerest manner,

Don Jabin's

Most affectionate Kinswoman
and devoted Servant

EMANUELLA.

P. S. *I doubt not but your accustomed Goodness will still extend it self so far in my favour, as to silence whatever Aspersions may happen to be cast on my leaving the Monastery so suddenly, by seeming to have been privy to it, and that it was for no other Reason than the too great Severities practis'd by that Order.*

S H E might have omitted this last Request : She was no sooner miss'd, than the true Reason of her Departure was blazed abroad. One of the Nuns, being more quick-sighted than the rest, had discovered her Condition; and after she was gone, related it to the whole Convent. What is in the mouths of such a Number, especially of that Sex which is seldom bless'd with Secrecy, and of that Sort too who have little else to employ their time with,
cannot

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cannot be expected to be with-held from the knowledge of all who have any Conversation with them. *Emilius* among the rest was inform'd of it, which very much help'd to confirm him in the Opinion that all *Berillia* had said concerning her Conduct was true : Judging of her Actions by that of the generality of Women, few of whom would have known themselves to be in the Circumstance she was, without acquainting the Person chiefly obliged to pity, with the Misfortune—— He doubted not therefore but that it had happened by him, whom that Monster of Treachery had told him had supplanted him in her Affections, and that that was the Reason she had never written to upbraid the Change of his Humour in his Addresses to *Julia*, as he imagined she would have done, if she had been innocent herself.—And these Conjectures, which tho' in reality the most injurious that could be, appeared so reasonable, that they entirely destroy'd all those small Remains of Tenderness, his new Desire for an Object yet unenjoy'd, had left him : And now entirely devoted to *Julia*, and to the Advantages he propos'd by marrying her, left nothing undone which might engage her to consent.—She who was half won before-hand, and had only made some faint Denials for Form's sake, easily suffer'd herself to seem over-persuaded to follow her Inclinations ; and they were married in great Solemnity, in a very little time after *Emanuella* had departed from *Madrid*.

BUT Don *Jabin*, who had but too true a guess at the State of her Affairs, and made no doubt but that *Emilius* was the Man to whom she

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she ow'd her Undoing, forbore to aggravate her Afflictions by sending her any Intelligence either of what was talk'd of concerning her self, or of the Marriage of her Lover: But sending her the Money which she desir'd, and which he easily believ'd she wanted, writ no more to her, than to entreat she would continue to let him hear from her; and that as soon as her Affairs would permit, she would return to *Madrid*.

THIS Supply, and the Belief that every body she had left behind her, were as entirely ignorant of her Circumstances as she could wish, made her as easy in them, as could possibly be expected. Her Courage and usual Fortitude now, with such Success, exerted themselves; that she waited the dreadful Hour, which she knew was shortly to arrive, with all the Resignation and Patience imaginable: and at the appointed time brought a Son into the World, who, from the moment of his Birth, seem'd to promise he would be an Ornament to it.

I am of opinion, that the greatest part of my Female Perusers, will imagine this unfortunate Lady could regard a Child whose begetting had cost her so many Tears but with Indifference, and that she must have look'd on him with more Remorse than Tenderness; but *Emanuella*, as most of her Notions were vastly different from those of the generality of her Sex, so were they also in this. Had the Ceremony of the Church made *Emilius* as much her Husband, as by his Vows he ought to have acknowledged himself; and had he never swerv'd in the least tittle from that Constancy he had sworn

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sworn to maintain inviolable, or that Ardency of Passion which he once profess'd ; she could not have loved his Son with greater Fondness—Never did maternal Tenderness reach to a height more elevated than her's—A thousand Lives she would have thought well given to have preserv'd this darling of her Soul—All the Ignominy which this Adventure, if divulg'd, would bring upon her, was now no longer a Concern to her—Even Virtue was become less dear ; and she could scarce repent she had been guilty of a Breach of it, so much she priz'd the Effect—and it would only have been with Transports of unconceivable Affection she had beheld the lovely Babe, if the Reflection how little it was in her power to do for him, had not sometimes given a check to the Pleasure she took in calling him her own.—She felt, indeed, all the Mother's Joy, but with it infinitely more Care than ordinarily attends that Title, and was, as it were, divided in her Thoughts between excess of *Rapture*, and excess of *Pain*.—But however severe the intervals of the *latter* might be, she was sufficiently invigorated by the *former*, to be able to sustain them ; and while she had her dear-lov'd Infant in her Arms, and uninterrupted, gaz'd upon his growing Beauties ; nor felt immediate want of any Necessary either for him or herself : she had not the power to think too deeply of what future Miseries might befall her ; but her ever-varying Fortune, which would not suffer her to continue long in any settled State of Life, made a sudden Change in her Affairs which obliged

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obliged her to other Considerations than those which at present took up her Mind.

THE ungrateful *Berillia*, who, as I have before taken notice, had been sent from *Madrid* under the Government of a *Duenna*, some little time before *Emanuella* left the *Pourclairs*: where she was carried, was kept a Secret to every body; for the Cause of her being banished her Father's House, being her Intrigue with a Person he could not approve, he resolv'd to take the most prudent Measures that he could, to prevent the place of her Retirement being discover'd. The Person in whose Charge she was intrusted, had a Sister who liv'd at a small Village call'd *Tortol*, within a short Mile of *Guadalaxara*, and there she was to be conceal'd for some time. He had as good as made an Agreement for her going into the *Convent* of *Franciscans*; but as he could not be certain, but that she might be in the same Circumstance with her unfortunate Cousin, he was willing to be convinced to the contrary, before her Entrance; and for that purpose plac'd her at this Distance from *Madrid*, where whatever happen'd might be conceal'd. The Place where she was kept being so near *Guadalaxara*, he writ to *Morena*, for that was the Name of her who was appointed Guardian over his Daughter, to make a little Journey thither. He order'd her to enquire for a Woman call'd *Mercina*, and endeavour by her means, if possible; to come to the Speech of *Emanuella*; but if that could not be accomplish'd, to inform herself of the Truth of her Affairs, and give him an account. This Letter happening to be brought when *Morena* was out of the way on
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some Business, *Berillia* took it in; and knowing it to be her Father's Hand, broke it open.—— She had, ever since she had been there, thought of nothing, but how she should get away: and was over-joy'd to find *Emmella* was so near, resolving to take this Opportunity of making her Escape to her, not doubting but the Power the other's mistaken Friendship had given her over her, would furnish her with Arguments to prevail on her to act according to her Desires. She was kept entirely without Money; and the Belief that she was far from any body who either could or would furnish her with means of making an Escape, in case she should desire it, made her be watched with much less Circumspection than otherwise she would have been; and she had an Opportunity to go out of the House the very day she had intercepted the Letter. The Weather favour'd her Design, and it being but a small Walk to *Guadalaxara*, she easily reach'd it before Sun-set.

EMANUELLA had not yet recover'd Strength enough to rise, and was prodigiously surpriz'd when she was told a Lady of a good Appearance enquir'd for *Donna Mercina*, and would not be deny'd the privilege of speaking with her.—— She had contracted no Acquaintance in that Place, and could not imagine on what account a Stranger should seem so pressing to see her.——

But the People of the House acquainting her that they had already made all the Excuses they could for the Condition she was in, and that every thing was ineffectual to get rid of her, she was at last oblig'd to give leave for her

Admit-

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Admittance. The Room was made pretty dark, and the Bed-Curtains clos'd, as is usual in such Cases : So that *Berillia* could not discern who it was she was about to speak to ; but desiring that all who were in the Room might leave it, she address'd her in this manner : Donna *Mercina*, said she, there is but one Excuse I can alledge for this Intrusion, but that I hope will be a sufficient one : I doubt not but you are acquainted with the Force of Friendship, and will not think it strange that to prove its Sincerity will carry one to greater lengths than this—I am inform'd it is in your power to let me know where I may find Donna *Emanuella*, a Daughter of the late Governor of *Porto-Rico*. Never was there a more tender Regard between Persons of the same Sex, than that which my Soul paid to this Lady, and which I flatter myself I was favour'd with from her ; but some Accidents have for a long time depriv'd me of the Blessing of her Conversation ; nor 'till this Day, could I for many Months get the least Intelligence in what Part of the World it was I might hope to find her—I intreat you therefore to direct my Search—I am satisfied she will not take it ill when you shall tell her it is to *Berillia*, her Cousin, her Friend, that you have made this Condescension.—The Astonishment that *Emanuella* was in, to find it was she (for she immediately knew her Voice) kept her from interrupting her 'till she came to these Words ; but then the Joy she felt at this Recovery of a Friend so long lost, and whom she thought so perfectly in her Interest, broke out in these Expressions—Can it be possible !

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possible! cry'd she, throwing open the Curtains, has Heaven in compassion of my Sufferings sent my dear *Berillia* to me? — Come to my Arms, my best, my only Friend! *Emanuella* will ever bless the Day which brought thee here—— 'Tis on thy faithful Breast I may pour out the secret Anguish of my Soul—— 'Tis from thee I may assure my self of both Advice and Consolation—— Thou who *Lovest* will *Pity* me.—— A thousand such like Demonstrations of the sincerest Welcome did she give her, which the other return'd (as soon as the Consternation, at finding her so much sooner than she expected, was a little over) with all the seeming Truth, and tenderest Love imaginable: And what was yet more obliging to her than any thing she could say to herself, she kiss'd and embrac'd the Child with an Ardour so like Sincerity, that one who had less Confidence in her might easily have mistook for it. When the first Raptures of this meeting would permit them to talk of Business, they began to relate to each other all the Particulars of their Adventures since last they parted: But when *Emanuella* heard by what means *Berillia* had been directed to enquire for her, and had read the Letter Don *Jabin* had sent to *Morena*; she found she had but flatter'd herself with an Opinion that the Cause of her removal from *Madrid* had been a Secret, and could not forbear expressing how nearly she was touch'd at the loss of that Reputation she had taken so much pains to preserve. And this Regret was of excellent service to further a Contrivance which the wicked *Berillia* had form'd. She presently began to dissuade her from all thoughts

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thoughts of ever returning to *Madrid*: Nor, said she, since *Don Jabin* is so diligent in his Inquiries, can you be any longer in private here, tho' I have been so fortunate in intercepting one Letter, he will undoubtedly write again——*Morena* knows you, and in the Person of *Mercina* will *Emanuella* be discover'd, and every Circumstance of this Affair related. I would advise you, since, when one is determined to be conceal'd, all Places are alike, to call in what Money you have in my Father's hands, and quitting *Guadalaxara* with all possible expedition, settle in some other Town.——For my part, if I had less reason to fly from a Father from whom I now no more can hope for Favour, my love for you would oblige me to banish all other Considerations, and continue with you 'till Death enforces a Separation.——The again deceiv'd *Emanuella* highly approv'd of this Advice, and thank'd her for it, and for the Offer she made of living with her, in Terms which the Intentions of the other were far from meriting. Since she had resolv'd to proceed in this manner, the other reminded her, that she must not delay it; because if they tarried till the Account of her making her Escape from *Morena* were sent to her Father, it might possibly make him suspect his Letter had fallen into her hands, and that they were together.——Nothing could be more natural than this Supposition; and for that reason *Emanuella* dispatch'd a Letter to him immediately with a demand of a thousand Crowns, that being the best part of what was her Due; not doubting but by the time it would come to her hands, she

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she should be able to take a Journey. *Berillia* also writ a Letter at the same time to her Lover, but the Contents of it she took care to conceal from her Cousin, only telling her it was to upbraid him for the many Misfortunes her Passion for him had occasioned her. After the Letters were gone, and they had concluded on every thing proper for their Expedition, they began to make what Preparations they could for it, that when the Answers should come, they might have nothing to do, but to depart.——*Emanuella* had her young Son baptized by the Name of *Victorinus*: A Nurse was provided for him, whose Circumstances would permit her to go with them to any Place they should make choice of; Mules and a Man-Servant to attend them were hired, and every thing contriv'd, so as to be ready at a moment's Warning.

HOW unkindly soever *Don Jabin* might take it, that *Emanuella*, who ow'd the being Mistress of so much Money wholly to his Intercession, seem'd to think him unworthy of her Confidence, which way she design'd to dispose either of that or herself; he did not fail to send it: and tho' her good Sense and the Gratitude of her Nature, gave her some Shocks at treating him in this manner; yet the Artifice of the Treacherous *Berillia*, join'd to the innumerable Perplexities of her Mind, prevented them from taking so great Root in her Reflections, as otherwise they would have done.

ALCALA was the Place they had agreed to go to, not only because they were both of them entirely unknown to any body there, but

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but also, that it being famous for Learning, *Emanuella* thought the young *Victorinus*, when he grew up fit to receive it, might have all the Advantages of it, without her being oblig'd to send him from her sight; a Misfortune, which her Tenderneſs for him made appear to be the moſt dreadful that cou'd poſſibly befall her: And tho' it being much nearer to *Madrid* than the Place they were in, yet both of them reſolving to take up other Names, they might live there with as little danger of Diſcovery as in any other City.

IT being Evening when they ſet out, they lay that Night at an Inn about the mid-way: *Emanuella*, who was too fond of her little *Victorinus* to ſuffer him to be one moment from her ſight, wou'd needs have his *Nurſe* the Partner of her Bed, and *Berillia* had one to herſelf in another Chamber. Tho' on vaſtly different Subjects, both theſe Ladies had ſufficient to employ their Minds. — One paſs'd away the reſtleſs Hours in Contemplation on the many turns of Fortune ſhe had known, and in imploring Heaven, that where ſhe now was going ſhe might find a Settlement for Life — The other was applauding her good Genius, for furniſhing her with Artifice to bring about almoſt whatever ſhe undertook; and flattering herſelf with a thouſand Joys in ſtore, all owing to her own Wit, her own Fertility of Invention, and Perfection in the Art of Diſſimulation.

IT was very early in the Morning when *Emanuella* roſe, and having order'd the Mules to be got ready, went herſelf to awake her Couſin; but was not a little ſurpriz'd, when coming into her Chamber, ſhe was already up,
and

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and gone out: however, imagining no more than that, not able to sleep, she had rose, and was gone to take a walk either in the Fields or Garden, bade one of the Servants of the House to call her—O Heaven! *said the Fellow to whom she gave this Command,* do you not know, that the Lady who last Night came with you is gone? —— Gone! *cry'd she,* what mean you? she can be gone no farther than to take a little Morning Air, therefore prithee make haste to find her, and let her know we are ready to prosecute our Journey. Alas! *re-sum'd he,* I fear she has deceiv'd you — I give you my Word, that if she continu'd to ride, as she set out, she is, by this time, some Leagues off. *Emanuella* cou'd by these Words think no other than that he who spoke them was mistaken in the Person she enquir'd for, and therefore took the pains to describe her to him: but he presently told her, that he very well knew who it was she meant; that they had no other Guests in the House but those that came with her, and that a young *Chevalier* well-mounted had come by Day-break, and took her away with him. I leave the Reader to judge what an Astonishment this Intelligence must create in the Mind of her who heard it: She was for some time unable to give any Credit to an Information so highly improbable to be true; but when she return'd to her Chamber, and found that not only every thing that belong'd to her was missing, but also a little Cabinet, which she had entrusted to her Charge, in which was contain'd most of the Money she had receiv'd from *Don Jabin*; 'tis hard to say, whether Amazement for so base and cruel an Action, or Grief

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Grief for the Misfortunes it must of necessity subject her to, was most predominant in her Soul—to be betray'd, robb'd, and forsaken in so barbarous a manner, by the Person whom of all the World she had placed the greatest Confidence in—to be exposed with her dear Infant, to all the Miseries which attend Poverty—to lose at one Stroke all that she had in the World——No means left her to make the least Provision against Want and Beggary, was something so shocking, so dreadful, as rendred all her Courage useles.

She went into the Room where *Nurse* was dressing her young Master for his Journey, and the Sight of him made the Reflection of the Loss he had sustain'd more terrible to be born; She had not Words presently to relate what had befallen her: and when the good Woman, easily perceiving by her Countenance that something of ill had happen'd, entreated to know the matter; she could get no more from her, for a good while than, O *Nurse* I am undone! ——But that, *cry'd she*, is a trivial Woe, that lovely Babe, that Charmer at your Breast, is ruin'd—we must starve, *Nurse*! perish for want of Bread——the little All we had, is lost——no means is left us for Support——no Hope but in the Grave.

With these and the like Exclamations did she make the other sensible, something very unfortunate had happen'd; but what it was, she was far from being able to guess; 'till her Mistress having a little more recollected herself, at last acquainted her with the whole Story. Never did any one bear a greater part in the Sufferings of another, than did

this faithful Creature in those of *Emanuella*; the Affability and Kindness with which she had been treated by her, had gain'd as great an Interest in her Affections in the short time she had been with her, as tho' she had been bred up with her; and then her Tenderneſs for the young *Victorinus*, was more than equal to that which Mothers ordinarily feel for their own Children.—— She join'd in-all her Lamentations, and vented ten thousand Curses on the perfidious and ungrateful Cause of them: But perceiving that this rather encreased the Distraction of *Emanuella*,—than any way comforted her, she began to change her Talk, begging her to be, as easy as she could, and to proceed in her Journey to *Alcala*; and having enquir'd which way *Berillia* and her Conductor took, and being inform'd, they went towards that Town, she endeavour'd to inspire her with a hope that they might be heard of there.—— There was indeed but little Probability in this Conjecture; but as this was not a Place to continue in, the distress'd Lady thought she might as well go there as to any other Place; and complying with the Persuasions of her *Nurse*, they left the Inn, and in a short time arriv'd at *Alcala*.

NURSE'S Predictions had so much of Truth in them, that on Enquiry they found that such Persons as those they sought had pass'd through the City, but had staid no longer than to take a small Refreshment, and were gone on the Road to *Madrid*.—— To send any body after them, *Emanuella* knew would be in vain; because it was impossible they would tarry there, on the account of Don *Jabín*:

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Jabin : therefore she was obliged to sit down with the Misfortune without the least Hope she should ever have any Reparation for it; but with what racking Reflections, those who will but give themselves the trouble of thinking what a Woman in her Circumstances must feel, will be better able to judge, than all the Descriptions I could give, would make them.

WHAT now could this unhappy Lady do? she was in a Place where she was entirely unacquainted, tho' that she was so, was the only Consolation she had; she had no means of providing for herself and little Family, and when the Charges of her Journey were defrayed, had scarce any Money remaining——No Condition sure was ever so calamitous as her's——Her Spirits had doubtless sunk beneath the weight of Sorrow, which oppress'd her, if the Vigour of her Care for her dear Child had not kept them up.——Something must be thought on for the procuring for *him* the Necessaries of Life, whatever should become of herself——and thinking nothing too much to do for him, she threw off the fine Lady, endeavour'd to forget whose Daughter she was, and the Hopes she was bred to, and submitted to the meanest, and most servile Offices for Bread.——She took a little Lodging in the cheapest part of the Town, and leaving her *Nurse* at home to take Care of that which was much dearer to her than all other Considerations, she went every day to a *Convent* in that City; where doing Services for the *Nuns* in the manner of an *Out* or *Lay-Sister*, she made a shift to get as much as maintain'd them, tho' in a manner which

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none who had known her before these Misfortunes came upon her, could have believ'd she could have liv'd to endure. But what will not Love enable one to go through! what Difficulties are so great but Inclination can Surmount! She condescended to every thing with Chearfulness, for the sake of *Victorinus*; and while she fed her longing Eyes with gazing on his Infant-Charms, and clasped the lovely Innocent in her Arms, she thought herself not wretched; and passing all the Night in that sweet Employment, forgot the Hardships of the Day. In spite of the real Coldness with which she had been treated by *Emilius*, and the monstrous Ingratitude and Baseness she had been made to believe him guilty of, her Soul still confess'd the Graces of his Person; his Image was too deeply impress'd in her Mind, ever to banished thence, tho' effac'd and blotted by the Memory of his Crimes: The little *Victorinus* had Features so perfectly resembling his, that there wanted but Age to make them appear the same; and this Likeness not a little added to the Fondness she otherwise had for him. All the Passion she once had for the *Father*, was now transmitted to the Son; which join'd to the soft Care which all who are *Mothers* feel, rais'd her's to the most elevated Pitch that Humanity is capable of - being inspir'd with.

BUT, to prosecute the melancholy History of her Misfortunes, she had languish'd away (for it could not be call'd living) seven or eight Months at *Alcala* in the manner already represented, without seeing, or being seen by any body she knew; but 'tis probable the one
might

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might be owing to the little notice she took of every thing but what concern'd her Business, and the other to the Station she was in, so far different from that in which any one would have imagin'd to have found the accomplish'd, and once so much ador'd *Emanuella*. But one day being at the Cloyster-Gate on her usual Employment, she saw a handsome young *Fryar* waiting to be admitted to speak with the *Abbess*; happening to stay a little longer than was customary, she had an opportunity of considering his Face, and fancying at first sight she knew him, on looking more heedfully, soon discovered him to be *Don Othario*, one whom she had formerly many Opportunities of conversing with at the House of *Don Jabin*, and whom she since had heard had fought with *Emilius* on the account of *Donna Julia*. Curiosity made her enquire of some of the *Nuns*, who she perceiv'd knew him, what had been the occasion of his becoming one of the *Religious*; and was told by them, that it was occasion'd by Despair: that Honour preventing him from attempting any thing against a Rival who had given him his Life, he forsook the World as soon as his hopes were at an end, by the Marriage of *Julia* with the *Count*; and that the *Abbess* of that Nunnery being his Aunt, he came there to pay his Duty as he pass'd thro' *Alcala* in his way to some other part of the Country. *Emanuella* had experienc'd too much of Love and Despair, to be surpriz'd at the Effect she found those Passions had caus'd in him, and it was with compassion only she reflected on a Change so little to be expected from that Gaiety, which he was once
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the most fam'd for of any *Chevalier* in *Madrid*. She was highly satisfy'd however in her Mind, that her Dress, and the Alteration of her Circumstances had so much disguis'd her, that a Person who had been so perfectly acquainted with her Face, should now not have any notion he had seen it before, and began to live with more security in her thought, that she might continue undiscover'd, tho' she should happen to be seen even by *Emilius* himself, the Person of all the World from whom, as she then was, she most desir'd to be conceal'd. But alas ! it was not ordain'd for this unhappy Woman to have any part of her Wishes compleated ; she but hoped to live and die in this forlorn Obscurity, and that also was deny'd her : It was but a few days after she had seen *Octavio*, that a Lady, call'd *Donna Jacinta del Florezada*, a young Widow of a vast Estate, who us'd frequently to come and pass some Hours in conversation with the Nuns, desir'd to speak with her ; she had often seen her at the *Convent*, and taking more notice of the Delicacy of her Hands and Complexion, the Sweetness of her Voice, and the graceful Manner in which she delivered her Words, than many others who had the same opportunity of observing her, imagin'd she had been educated in a fashion which might deserve a better State of Life than what she at present liv'd in ; and having some young Children, believ'd she might be a proper Person for a Governess : She discours'd her on that Head, and putting many questions to make tryal of her Capacity, found it so infinitely beyond what even her good Opinion had suggested, that she immediately

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ately made her an offer of coming into her House, and assur'd her of Usage more like a Sister than a Servant.

THIS Proposal, tho' an extraordinary Favour, (for Donna *Jacinta* was not only one of the greatest, but best Woman in the Place) was not altogether so agreeable to *Emanuella* as the other expected.—In the first place, she knew not how to part with that dear Babe, whom as yet she had never been absent from one Night, and whom her very Soul was wrapt in.—And in the next, she was unwilling to go into a Family where she knew there was always a great Variety of Company, for fear some one or other might happen to know her.—The first of these Reasons she made no scruple of acquainting Donna *Jacinta* with, and the other she palliated by saying she was of a Disposition too melancholy to endure the sight of many People; and for that cause fear'd she might be unfit for the Employment she would engage her in.—But the obliging Lady would be deny'd by no means; she had taken a fancy to her, and was resolv'd to have her: she told her she commended the Love and Care she seem'd to have of her Child, and that she would be far from endeavouring to alienate an Affection so praiseworthy, or make her unhappy by taking her from that which she so dearly priz'd. You shall have your Child with you, *said she*, both that and a Nurse to look after it shall be as welcome as your self; and as it grows up, I will undertake to give him an Education equal to my own: and as for your other Objections, tho' I think Company the best relief for Melancholy, I will not
press

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Prefs you to come into it—You shall see no body but those whom you think fit.—Nor will I exact any thing from you, but what shall be agreeable to your own Inclinations. There appeared so uncommon a Good-Nature and Frankness in this Lady, as well as Advantage in the Offer she made her, that *Emanuella* must have thought herself both her own and Child's Enemy to have refused it.—She accepted it therefore with all the Acknowledgments of Gratitude with it, and immediately went home to put herself in as good a Capacity as she could, to return to this kind Patroness for good and all. Her poor Nurse was over-joy'd when she heard the News, and every thing being ready in a few Hours, all the little Family remov'd, from daily Care, Scarcity, and sometimes Want, to Ease, Plenty, and to Chearfulness: They were receiv'd with a Welcome far beyond their Expectations; had an Apartment assign'd for them, as tho' they had been Guests, not continued Inmates of the House: the Servants were order'd to treat *Emanuella*, who had now given herself the Name of *Placillia*, with all the respect imaginable, and her Nurse with the same Kindness, as if it were their own young Master she attended. Donna *Jacinta* was so far from promising more than she intended to perform, that on the contrary her Words came infinitely short of her Deeds. Nor was she of that flashy uncertain Temper which some People are of, tho' accounted Good-humour'd too, of being one day extravagantly fond of those they call Friends, and the next scarce owning they have any such Acquaintance: She was
always

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always the same, always in one Temper, unless it were, that her Affections seem'd every day to encrease to her new Companion; but that is little to be wonder'd at, since this unhappy Fair had a stock of Charms in her Conversation and Behaviour, which were not to be discover'd all at once: The Amendment in her manner of living made also so great a one in her Looks, that she was hardly to be known for the Person who us'd to be employ'd in Messages, or whatever other mean Office the Nuns had no more discernment than to put her to. — She now began to resume her former Charms, and appear again herself. *Jacinta* perceiving her Skill in Musick, Painting, Philosophy, and all those Accomplishments which few but those of Quality can afford, or at least take the pains to have their Children instructed in, could not be persuaded but that she was of Noble Descent, and frequently solicited her to give her the History of her Life; but the other could not be prevail'd upon to relate more than that her Father was a Gentleman in a distant part of *Spain*, and that by marrying against his Consent to a Person who was now dead, she had been reduced to many Misfortunes. This was a Story she had fram'd, for all who enquired into her Affairs; nor could all the kindness of this Lady oblige her to reveal the Truth: Her Nurse was also extremely faithful to the Trust she had reposed in her, nor ever divulged the least Hint of those Affairs she knew, which tho' but a small part, was yet enough to have made all that her Mistress had said appear fabulous.

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THUS did she live as happy as a Person can live, who lives dependent on the Favour of another: that good Lady took care to confer her Obligations in such a manner, that they should be as little as possible uneasy to the Receiver; and the other was so sensible of her Favours, that she at length became her's as much thro' Inclination as Duty.—She had continu'd with her about a Year without any thing happening of moment, and she was beginning to think Fortune was grown weary of persecuting her, and would permit her to continue in that Asylum of Tranquillity which she now enjoy'd: She had no reason to imagine she should not live and die with this kind Friend; and the Experience of her Goodness to herself, gave her a certainty that the young *Victorinus* would find the Effects of it in as full a manner as if she were to live.—She would often talk to *Donna Jacinta* in this manner, who, tho' she never heard her without renewing the Promises she had before made her, yet she endeavour'd to put her off from such kind of Discourses, because she thought them a kind of Food to that Melancholy she seem'd but too much to give way to. They were sitting together one day, when a Gentleman and Lady, attended by a great number of Servants, alighted at the Gate, which oblig'd *Donna Jacinta* to go to receive them: *Emanuella* continu'd in her Chamber, the other perceiving how much averse she seem'd to be seen by any body but the Family, had for a good while left solliciting her to come into Company; but she had not now remain'd long alone, before she came running into the Room, desiring her

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her she would oblige her so far as to come down——she told her the Persons that came to visit her were her near Relations, and that the Lady, who was most passionately fond of her Husband, and had no Children by him, had happen'd to see the little *Victorinus* at play in the Garden, and imagin'd him so like her Lord, that she express'd a prodigious Impatience to see the Mother. It would be impossible to represent the disturb'd Motions of *Emanuella's* Soul all the time she heard her speak——she began to think of something, tho' at present she could not well tell of what——a sort of distant Guess——a wild Notion of a Possibility of some wonderful Event——a thousand incoherent unconnected Ideas ran in an instant thro' her Mind, and almost threw her into a Swoon. Donna *Jacinta* was extremely surpriz'd to find so sudden an Alteration in her Countenance, and ask'd her if she were not well.——No, Madam (*answer'd she, scarce able to speak*) and therefore intreat you would excuse my appearing before this Company. I know not how to do it (*resum'd the other*) since they are so very pressing, but will endeavour it at your Request——tho' I could wish, (*added she*) that I could prevail on you: the Lady, who is my Cousin Germain, is marry'd to a Count of the Empire, and it may be prodigiously in their power to——She had opportunity to say no more, the Person she was speaking to, was now incapable of hearing her, and fallen at her Feet on the Floor, quite senseless.——Amaz'd as she was, she omitted nothing for her Recovery, and throwing Water on her Face, soon brought her to herself; but the

Q. 2

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the Torrent of Tears which gush'd from her Eyes, as soon as she open'd them—the Sighs, which at her return of Breath seeming as tho' they would exhaust it quite, made the good-natur'd Observer half stupefy'd with Grief and Wonder: Nothing was more apparent, than that she had been brought into this Condition only by her being press'd to go into this Company; and not being able to guess the reason of it, and perceiving she did not go about to speak it—For Heaven's sake, *said she*, what have I said to occasion this Confusion of your Soul? or what has Count *Emilius*, or Donna *Julia* done, which should render their Presence so hateful to you? These Words, which so entirely confirm'd her in those Suggestions which already had work'd such sad Effects, were very near throwing her again into those Faintings from which she had so lately been recover'd—but mustering up all the Spirit she had left to stand this Shock, which of all that had befallen her, seem'd the most terrible, she flung herself at the Feet of Donna *Jacinta*, and with trembling Hands catching hold of her Robe, O! pardon me, (*said she, in scarce intelligible Accents*) pardon me, most excellent Lady, that I have abus'd your Goodness with a feign'd Tale—I am not the Person I pretended, but a Wretch unworthy of your Favour—a Wretch, who by one fatal Crime has drawn down all the stor'd Vengeance of high Heaven on her—but, as you have hitherto been so divinely kind—O cast me not off at once—Expose me not to Horrors worse than Death—than Hell—O save me from the Sight of *Emilius*, and you shall hereafter be made sensible of the whole Truth

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Truth of my unhappy Story. Here she stopp'd, and Donna *Jacinta* was about to make some Reply, when she was prevented, by the sudden coming in of *Emilius* and his Lady, with the young *Victorinus* in her hand: The Surprise they were in, that *Jacinta* stay'd so much longer than they expected, their Impatience to see the Mother of a Child whom both of them were so much charm'd with, made them take the Liberty, being told which Room she was in, of coming up. *Emanuella* being opposite to the Door, had the opportunity of seeing them first; and in the instant Distraction that View gave her, incapable of any Thought but how to shun it, a Window by Accident being open, she flew to it, and crying out, *Fate, thou hast done thy worst!* was very near throwing herself out of it, if Donna *Jacinta*, who, tho' equally surpriz'd, had her Thoughts more prepar'd for such an Adventure, had not been very quick in catching hold of her. *Emilius*, who at once saw *Emanuella* and her Despair, stood for some Moments like one depriv'd of Motion——No Words can reach what 'twas he felt at an Object so unexpected! So alarming!—the most strong Surprise, the most violent Grief, the most passionate Tenderness at once possess'd him, and he was as unable to express the Force of either, as I am to describe it.

DONNA *Julia*, who had but one Passion to struggle with, soon overcame that enough to ask her Cousin *Jacinta*, what had occasioned the Confusion she beheld, and her own Consternation; but that Lady, who still held the afflicted *Emanuella* in her Arms at the other end of the Room, and was endeavouring to per-

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persuade her to Moderation, had not leisure to make any Reply to what she said, or to ease her own Wonder, by enquiring the Source of this Affair; which tho' she guess'd at part of, was far from imagining who *Emanuella* really was, or the Causes she had for Despair. *Emilius* was the only Person who cou'd unfold this Mystery, and believing, that since so much had been discover'd, it were best to reveal the whole, resolv'd to do it, tho' it were so nice a Point, that it requir'd all the Rhetorick he was Master of, to handle without giving Offence to *Donna Julia*: He was also divided in his Sentiments, whether it wou'd not more add to the Disorder of *Emanuella* to relate the Story before her Face, or by taking the Company into another Room, leave her in suspence; but after a little debate in his Mind, he at length concluded on the latter as most proper; and drawing nearer to the Place where *Donna Jacinta* and *Emanuella* were, addressing himself to the former, Madam, said he, I believe it will be much better for us to retire, and leave this afflicted Lady to that Repose our continuing here may hinder her from enjoying. I will not, Madam! added he, turning to the other, and bowing very respectfully, presume to remain in your Sight, nor return to it 'till those Stains the Treachery of the unworthy *Berillia* have cast on my Character are remov'd — then you will find *Emilius* has not been so blameable, as at present he appears; and will, I hope, admit his Presence, without giving him any Tortures by the sight of yours. As much averse as *Emanuella* was to hear him speak, the Name of *Berillia* attracted

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tracted her Attention, — in the midst of her Agonies, in the midst of that Shock of Nature his sudden coming had given her, she wou'd have been pleas'd at finding him not altogether so guilty as she had believ'd him; and fancying there was a possibility that unfaithful Creature had deceiv'd her, in the Representation she had made of him, as well as in other Affairs, would have been contented to have had him repeat what he knew of her; and finding there was now an absolute Necessity of every thing being discover'd, thought the Recital might as well be made before her Face: she felt something at her Heart, which gave her an Assurance she shou'd not long survive so publick an Eclaircissement of what she had done, and was willing to submit to the shame of it, to gratify her Impatience, to acknowledge herself mistaken in condemning the Man, whom to have found innocent she wou'd, a long time ago, have parted with Life. If, *said she*, my Lord! you have any thing to tell me of the Falshood of that wicked Wretch, more than what I am already appriz'd of, I beg it may be no Secret: Set forth in what terms you please her Faults, and my Misfortunes; I am inur'd to Miseries of all kinds, and can endure even this severest Tryal. — Perhaps, *continu'd she weeping*, with greater Fortitude than the rest, because it is the last — the last of Horrors I can live to know. She made this Request in such a manner, and accompany'd it with so many Sighs, and such Distortion of her Features while she was speaking, that the Count made a doubt whether it was best for him to comply with it; and 'tis probable wou'd have
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evaded it, had she not over, and over again, intreated he wou'd relate all he knew, and put a period to the Amazement which his Wife and Donna *Jacinta* were all this time involv'd in; 'till finding himself press'd past Denyal not only by her, but by those two Ladies, who glad she had propos'd it, seconded her Desire, he was oblig'd to satisfy their Curiosity; which after having a little recollected what he was about to disclose, he did in these, or the like Words.

I believe, *said he*, that for the Satisfaction of all here, I need repeat no more than what *Berillia* herself confess'd, when happening to be taking the Air, about a Mile from *Madrid*, I saw that unhappy Wretch lying on the Grass, weltring in her Blood, wounded in three or four Places, and almost ready to expire: So sad an Object rais'd all that was compassionate in my Soul, but when I went nearer, in hopes to afford her some Relief, Words wou'd but poorly make you sensible what 'twas I felt at knowing her to be *Berillia*, whom I thought one of the sincerest of my Friends.——I began to testify some part of my Concern, by enquiring by what means she had become in that Condition, and offering to bind up her Wounds, but she wou'd not permit me; but discovering all the marks of the most poignant and terrible Despair that ever was, told me, all Care wou'd be in vain, that she was a dead Woman—and that if there was a Possibility for her Wounds to be healed, she wou'd herself make others, which shou'd be beyond the Power of Art. —— And then, perceiving my Amazement at hearing her speak in this

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manner, You (*cry'd she*) *Emilius*, have the least Reason to pity me of all the World—you I have wrong'd in the highest manner.—O! *continu'd she*, in an Agony to which the Rack is mean, Heaven never can forgive the Injustice I have done you, nor the Ruin I have brought on the innocent *Emanuella*—both—both of you I have betray'd—traduc'd, and tho' she is the greatest Sufferer, 'tis you appear the only Criminal. She then, on my Intreaty, and Assurance of Pardon for whatever she had done, proceeded to inform me, how cruelly she had accus'd me to you, and confess'd, that all the Intelligence she had given me was false concerning your clandestine Marriage with an inferiour Person, who since grown weary of, you had sent to *Andaluzia*, where he died; of a shameful Intrigue you carry'd on with another, even at the time that you permitted my Addresses; and a thousand such like monstrous Inventions, which I do not very well remember; or if I did, shou'd blush to wound your Ears with.

EMANUELLA cou'd not hear the Recital of such vile Accusations without lifting up her Eyes to Heaven, in token of Astonishment, that there cou'd be such Wickedness permitted; but restrained herself from saying any thing to interrupt him: and he went on in this manner.

IT may seem like an idle Excuse, *continu'd the Count*, for me to say in my Defence, that when she endeavour'd to bring me to that Opinion her base Intentions aim'd; she made use of all the Artifice the Devil ever taught, and bound me from revealing, either by Words,

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or Letters, a tittle of what she had said, by Oaths too terrible to be dispens'd with; so I shall only say, before this Lady who is now my Wife, I at that time thought myself too much the Husband of *Emanuella* to have made my Addresses to any other, had not the Stratagems of the false *Berillia* impos'd so artfully on my Belief, as to make me imagine the Engagements between us had been first dissolv'd by you. — But I will not detain your Attention, by alledging any thing in vindication of a Man, whom, perhaps, you wish not shou'd be clear'd; and who has it not now in his power to repair the Injuries you have suffer'd on his score. — The dying *Berillia*, as I was about to tell you, had Breath enough to confess all this first part of her Barbarity at large, but her Strength decreasing, she run but slightly over that which she afterwards was guilty of to you, in conspiring with a young Man, whom she for a long time had held a criminal Conversation with, to rob you of that Money she had advis'd you to call out of her Father's hands; — and how the Villain, as she was travelling with him to *Toledo*, as he had made her hope, had taken it from her, stabb'd her, and left her in that condition in which I found her. — The Horrors which seiz'd on this poor Wretch, at the approach of Death, wou'd be too dreadful to describe: Never did I sustain a shock like what the sight of them occasion'd in me; but, base as she had been, I had promis'd her Forgiveness; and indeed, the Penitence she express'd seem'd to deserve it: therefore, after waiting 'till I found she had no longer Sense of Pity or Consolation, I remounted, and rode as

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fast as I cou'd into the Town, with the melancholy Account of what I had seen and heard to Don *Jabin*, who, not forgetting she was his Child, tho' a disobedient one, sent Servants to fetch her Body, and bury'd it in a Fashion suitable to her Quality.

HERE *Emilius* concluded his Narration, which, as he expected, put an end to the Wonder this little Company had been in, before they had any guess how *Placillia* and he had been acquainted: but not only his Wife, but *Jacinta* had also heard much of *Emanuella*, the Misfortunes which the Avarice of Don *Pedro* had subjected her to,——the Favour she had found from the King, in obliging him to repair part of the Loss she had sustain'd,——the Engagements she had with the Count,——their breaking off,——her going afterward among the *Pourclairs*,——her sudden leaving them;——and the Discourse that fill'd the Town for what reason she had been oblig'd to do so.——All this was no Secret to either of them, and from the first Discovery that *Placillia* was *Emanuella*, they ceas'd to be surpriz'd at the effects of such a meeting: but both of them, as well as *Emanuella* herself, expected he would have taken some notice, in his Discourse, of the little *Victorinus*, who, doubtless, had not been left unmention'd by *Berillia*; and whom, since the clearing of his Mother's Innocence, he cou'd make no doubt of being his own Child:——but that was a Subject he fear'd wou'd be too shocking to the well-known Niceness of *Emanuella's* Modesty.——Besides, he knew not how his Wife might take a Repetition of what, by many Circumstances,

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she cou'd not but be sensible of without, —
 But that Lady suspecting the reason of his Silence on that head, and willing to shew how much her Soul disdain'd that mean Passion Wives are too liable to fall into; taking *Emanuella* by the Hand, and pressing it with a most obliging Tenderness, 'Tho' Madam (*said she*) the Count has Charms, which created in me a Wish to become his Wife, long before I had the least Hope of being so; I beg you will believe me, when I protest by all that's sacred, that had I been appriz'd of the Right you had in him, I would have chose to fall a Martyr to Despair, rather than by gratifying my Desires have been guilty of so much Injustice; nor can I ever yield to be Partaker more of Joys to which you have a superior Claim, unless you vouchsafe to give a Sanction which the Priest had not the power to do: *Emilius* first was yours, ——— is still yours, by all those Ties which ought to bind an honest Mind; and, if you can forgive the Crime he has been but betray'd to act, I here resign him, and with him, the Title I have innocently so long usurp'd. ——— *Emanuella*, who had listned with Surprize to this uncommon Generosity, wou'd suffer her to proceed no farther, but interrupting her, —
 How glad am I (*said she*) to find before I die, one Woman, whose Excellence of Nature will preserve my Sex from those Imputations the monstrous Wickedness of *Berillia* wou'd else draw on it: ——— But, do not think, most incomparable *Julia*, that I have a Soul so little capable of Gratitude, as to abuse such Goodness; ——— *Emilius* is only
 yours,

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yours; whatever Engagements had pass'd between us, I myself dissolv'd. ——— When, by the Loss of my Fortune I thought myself unworthy of his Bed, I relinquish'd all the Right his Vows had given me to him; and his enfranchis'd Heart was free for you, or any Lady whose Deserts might claim the Prize. — I have nothing to accuse him of, and am too much his Friend, not to rejoice that his good Stars directed him, where Beauty join'd with such consummate Virtue cannot fail to give him lasting Happiness. Nothing I cou'd say wou'd be sufficiently Picturesse, to paint the various Agitations which perplex'd the Soul of *Emilius* all the time they were speaking; but the Matter was too delicate for him, to offer at an Interposition, and not being able to say any thing but what might possibly cause Distaste either in the one or the other, he chose to remain silent, and leave the noble-minded Ladies to decide the generous Contest, as they pleas'd: When the admirable *Julia* thus prosecuted the Design, which had induc'd her to speak in the manner she had done to *Emanuella*. Since, Madam! (*said she*) either to the Sweetness of your Disposition, which will not suffer you to render a Woman, who, you think, has not sufficient Fortitude to sustain it, miserable by the Loss of all she loves, or to the little Inclination you have to pardon him, who, after the admirable *Emanuella*, cou'd look on any other with a Lover's Eyes: To which soever of these Reasons I am indebted for the continuance of the Name I wear, you must per-

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mit me to remind you, there is another Tye, of which you have not the power to disengage *Emilius* : ——— This lovely Infant (*continu'd she, taking him in her Arms*) whom at first sight attracted my Love, must ever be acknowledg'd as the just Heir of all his Father is possess'd of; ——— and, give me leave also, to regard him with a Mother's Tenderness; and how many Children soever Heaven shall be pleas'd to bless me with, make him an equal Sharer with them of all the little Fortune I can call my own. ——— Nay (*added she, after a little pause, and perceiving, by her Looks, the Confusion of Emanuella's Soul at these Words*) as a Testimony that you are not displeas'd at the Interest I pretend to take in this little Charmer, you must consent to live with me as a Sister, ——— as a Friend. ——— Here Donna *Jacinta* (pitying from her Soul the Emotions *Emanuella* must feel at such Obligements from her Rival) thought it was her Place to speak; and interrupting her, No, Cousin, (*said she*) I must put a bar to this last Request; ——— I had a Friendship for *Emanuella*, before I knew who she was, and cannot consent to part with her when I find her so much more worthy my Esteem: ——— She must continue with me 'till Death inforces a Separation. ——— She was about to say something more, when *Emanuella*, over-press'd with Shame, with Gratitude, with Tenderness, and perhaps, a mixture of another Passion more difficult to be supported than all the rest; had no longer Strength to struggle with the differ-
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ing Agitations, and sunk fainting in her Chair: It would be hard to say, whether the Care of bringing her to herself, appear'd most zealous in the Endeavours of Donna *Julia*, Donna *Jacinta*, or *Emilius*; the latter of whom, as soon as she was in a Condition of hearing them, said a thousand tender and obliging things to her; nor did the generous Partner of his Bed conceive the least Displeasure at it, but, on the contrary, thought he never cou'd express a Sense enough of what that unhappy Lady had suffer'd for him, and wou'd have rejoic'd to have had it in her power to have afforded her any Consolation: but alas! her Misfortunes were now arriv'd at their utmost height, and soon must know a Period-with her Life. — Resentment was all which for a long time had kept the Lamp of Life awake, and that being now extinguish'd in a Flood of softer Passions, the other must of necessity expire. — They soon found she was too much disorder'd for Conversation, and therefore, thought it convenient she should be put into a Bed, where perceiving she grew worse, a Physician was sent for to attend; but from the Moment he saw her, he began to doubt any Success of his Prescriptions: In short, she died in three days, of no other Distemper than a broken Heart; equally lamented by Donna *Julia*, as by *Emilius* and *Jacinta*: Nor did they, after her Death, take less Care than they had promis'd of young *Victorinus*; each seem'd to out-vye the other in their Fondness of him: He was bred in all the Accomplish-
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ments which can adorn a Youth of Quality; and after the Decease of *Emilius*, and his generous Lady, who never had any Children herself, was left in possession of the Fortunes of them both, with a considerable Addition from the Friendship of *Jacinta*: which he makes use of with a Nobleness of Soul, proportionable to the Hopes of those who gave him the Means of expressing it; and is at this day the greatest Ornament of the Kingdom which claims his Birth.

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